

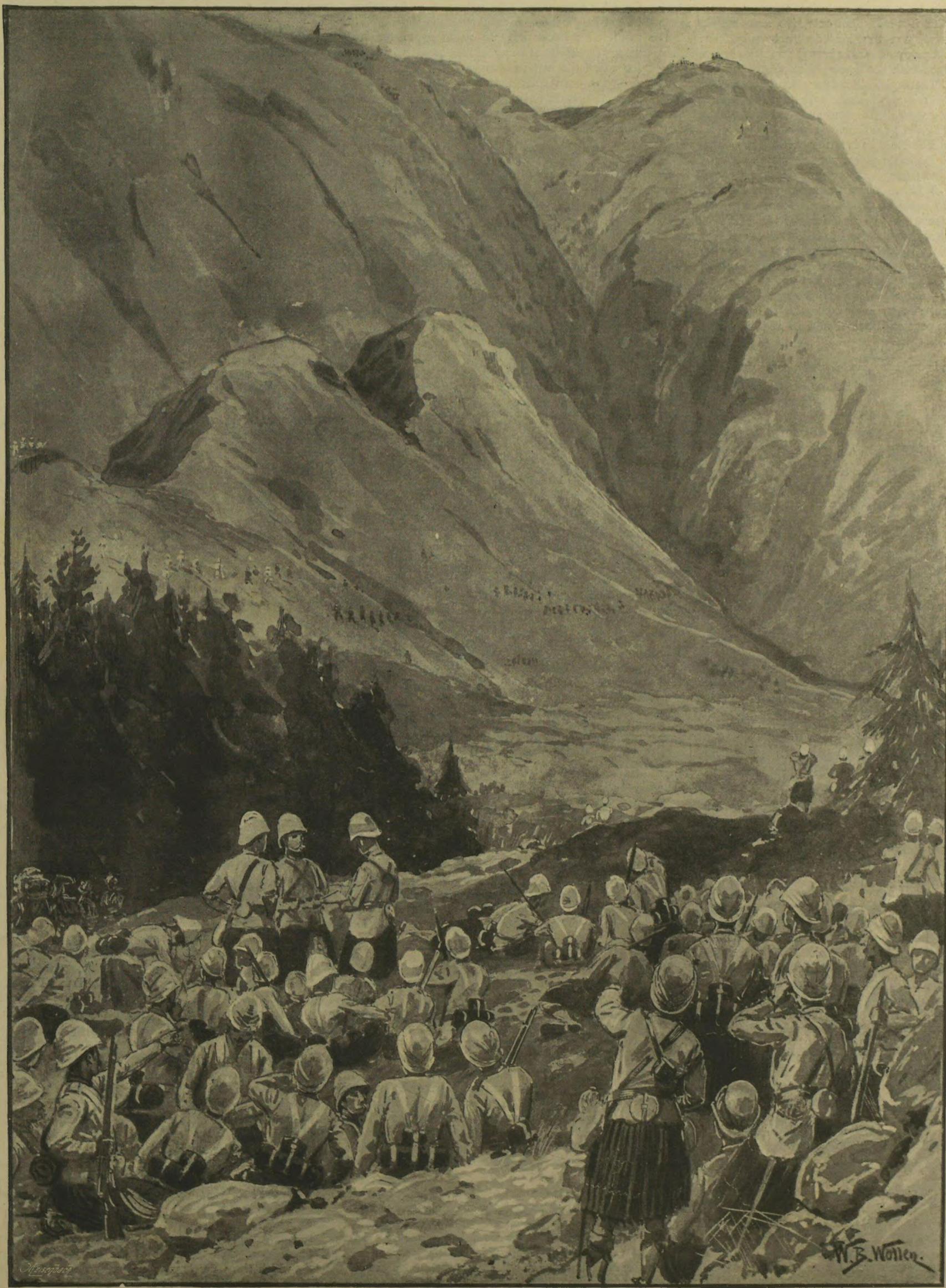
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2925.—VOL. CVI.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1895.

WITH SIXTEEN PAGES OF { SIXPENCE.
ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES } BY POST, 6½D.



From a Sketch by Mr. A. D. Greenhill Gardyne.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A popular American author has been recently interrogated by the irrepressible interviewer about his library. He seems to have replied very sensibly that he was not particular as to editions or wildly excited about bindings. This was not what was expected of him, and being mercilessly pressed, he frankly confessed that he was so little of a bibliomaniac that he had no first editions, even of his own works, in the house. This is what few authors can say. Most of them have, unhappily, only first editions.

The jurisdiction of a London magistrate is said to extend from murder to marbles (*i.e.*, to the discouragement of the pursuit of that engaging game upon a Sunday), which was thought to be a pretty inclusive category. But it now appears that it is still more extensive, and that the motto "De minimis non curat lex" does not apply to our police-courts. A pauper has been brought up from a workhouse and charged with the desperate offence of talking during tea-time. The magistrate, not unnaturally, was unacquainted with this crime, which is certainly not mentioned in "Burn's Justice." It then appeared that it had been invented by the guardians. It was impossible, they said, that discipline could be maintained if conversation, even in the most moderate tones, were permitted. This edict, in fact, imposes the silent system, which is supposed to be confined to jails. What seems especially hard is that it should be enforced at tea-time. Even as it is, our five o'clock teas are not characterised by too great excitement, but if nobody were allowed to talk the institution would be intolerable. What line the conversation of the workhouse may take—whether Shakspere or the musical glasses—we have no data to define, but it is probably of the society character—gossip, perhaps a little more piquant and personal than goes on in Mayfair; but it seems monstrous that these poor creatures should be denied so innocent a pleasure.

There is table talk, and there is tea-table talk, of which it is not unusual for some egotistic individual to get more than his share, and it is possible that this pauper talker monopolised too much of the conversation. This was Dr. Johnson's way. After setting everybody else down, and holding forth by himself the whole evening, he would be so complaisant as to say on taking leave, "This has been a good evening; we have had good talk. The communication with mind is always useful. Thought flowed freely this evening." But if this had been the case with our pauper, it would have been his companions who complained of him, and not the beadle. If these poor souls may not talk at tea (I should like to hear them upon the subject of guardians), when, in Heaven's name, may they talk? Perhaps they are generously allowed to talk in their sleep.

If one has a turn for homicide one should not be a barber. He exposes himself daily to too great a temptation. One of this profession the other day "suddenly forced his customer's head back and drew the razor across his neck"; "only that, and nothing more," as the poet remarks upon a similar catastrophe (though, of course, she was not being shaved) that happened to a heroine of Grecian story. "I wish," said the poor fellow afterwards, who was probably quite mad, "that I had cut the man's head off." For my part, though from the nature of the case I cannot conciliate my barber by conversation, I am always extremely civil to him. There is no position in which a human being can more truly say of another, "I am entirely in your hands." He is doubtlessly every whit as honest a man as myself, but I never leave my money about—when I happen to have any—when he is present. "I would cut your throat for twopence" is a common threat with the criminal classes: it is probably an exaggeration, but we all "stop somewhere" (as Charles Lamb said when he appropriated the gift meant for somebody else) in morals. I remember a story of a French nobleman who, being a gambler, left rouleaux of gold on his dressing-table, which caused his barber to throw up his hands (and his razor) and rush out of the room. He explained afterwards that he had only just been able to resist the temptation of cutting his customer's throat, and making off with the money. After which the nobleman dispensed with his services, and (*vide advertisement*) used a safety razor.

A catastrophe, I read, has recently happened to an American author, which, though deplorable, is by no means unprecedented. A manuscript of his, the work of years, has been accidentally destroyed by fire. This is a danger which it is impossible—in a commercial sense—to ensure oneself against, for as the elder Disraeli remarks in his cynical manner, "though the fire offices will insure books, they will not allow authors to value their own manuscript." The only safe way with these treasures is to have them copied, chapter by chapter, by the typewriter; but as the risk is almost infinitesimal, no one thinks it worth while to guard against it. Thirty years of literary labour of Ben Jonson were thus consumed. It is probable that he used strong language, but could hardly have taken the matter so much to heart as a scholar of the fifteenth century, who, driven to madness by a similar loss, knocked at the church door (with his head), and called Providence

to witness that all relations between him and it were sundered. "Hear what I say, for I am in earnest and resolved. If by chance, at the point of death, I should be so weak as to address you, do not pay any attention." This is probably unique as an utterance of passion. When the commentator on Aristotle found his house on fire he rushed into the street, calling out the name of his precious manuscript, the danger to which he fondly thought would excite the firemen to superhuman exertion. I have often thought that the loss of that manuscript of Carlyle's had something to do with his subsequent ill temper and bad manners: he affected to take it philosophically, which always drives a misfortune *in*, and plays the deuce with the liver.

Despite the flatteries that have been heaped on the new Czar, his government does not seem to be different from that of his predecessor, at all events in the way of improvement. Its latest act, we read, is to forbid Jews to resort, for health, to any of the healing mineral springs for which the empire is famous. This is, perhaps, the most inhuman edict that any government has issued since the Middle Ages, unless, indeed, it is a gigantic puff of the watering-places, in which case it is worthy of a country far more advanced in civilisation.

There is one thing concerning our expedition to Chitral which, among many others, may well arouse the admiration of the civilian. He can imagine, because there have been countless examples of it, the courage of our soldiers; but the enemy was not on this occasion their most formidable adversary. To no military expedition, perhaps, has nature offered greater obstacles, and one cannot help wondering whether among so many men there must not have been some who in those narrow paths overhanging precipices "lost their heads." It is an affair quite independent of personal valour and even, I am told, of the nerves. It may be said that matters were far too serious in the Malakand Pass to admit of any giddiness, but no one can prevent the blood going to the head. The paths, it seems, are but three feet wide, and when one of the single file of camels dropped down and died, he had to be blown up before those behind could advance. Even if the rocks that were rolled down from the mountain above be left out of the question, there was still the precipice to be faced, with not so much as a handrail to give one confidence. Perhaps in the rear of every man who suffered from this weakness there was a soldier with a fixed bayonet.

The Australians, it seems, are as fond of gambling as we are. In one of their bankruptcy courts, the other day, a sporting individual who had only five shillings in the pound to offer was very properly lectured by his more serious creditors for the way he had thrown away his fortune on the race-course. They took it out of him in that way since there appeared no chance of getting anything else out of him. But he said if they gave him time for a particular purpose, there was a chance. If they would but wait for a certain race to be run, for which he had got "the straight tip," and his horse (an outsider) won, he would pay everybody in full. The serious creditors were a little shocked; we are told, but not so much so as to be averse to the arrangement. And the horse won, and they got paid. There ought to be a moral to this, but it would be only a racing "moral," which is rarely of much account. I have known a similar sacrifice of principle in this country, though it did not end so prosperously. I once had a dear old relative who was always denouncing her brother-in-law for speculation on the Turf. It was wicked, she said, and abominable, and he always lost money by it. "Well, not always, my dear Martha," he answered smiling. "I have backed a dark horse for the Derby this year, Triptolemus. I have put only ten pounds on him and am sure to win a hundred!" "How can you be sure of it?" "Well, I am sure of it by the confidential accounts I receive of his going. It's a moral." His sister-in-law did not think that; but she thought a hundred pounds a good deal to get in the safe way he mentioned. "Will you put ten pounds on for me, Charles?" And he did so. Only, unfortunately, Triptolemus did not win.

If you want a good boy's book, and do not fear an injury to the jaw in asking for it, ask for "The Jewel of Ynys Galon," by Owen Rhoscomyl. It is a Welsh story, of course, but that, as some persons are apt to say nowadays, does not exclude piratical doings. There is also a buried treasure. The contents are of a composite order. They have a touch of Stevenson mingled with the passion for slaughter that characterises the heroes of Rider Haggard. Some of the chief characters strike one as a little mad; but it is madness of the old Berserker type. So long as a body keeps his head on his shoulders he is ready to forget any past unpleasantness in the way of fire and sword: Ivor, the hero, strikes one as rather too good-natured in this respect, or at all events more so than we should be under similar circumstances, and his *bonhomie* is not always reciprocated. Still, he is a fine young fellow. The story is full of vigour and action, and will doubtless make the pulse of many a youthful reader rise far above "normal." The illustrations are excellent, and carry out the design of the author in an unusually satisfactory manner.

GOOD BARGAINS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Everyone likes to hear of good bargains. It may be "anti-social" to enjoy buying an article at a much lower price than you are prepared to give for it, and, in many cases, I think it unsportsmanlike and ungentlemanly. Thus the bibliophile Jacob, a poor man, bought the copy of "Tartuffe" which had belonged to Louis XIV. "for a song." He instantly presented it to a friend. But then came the wretched bookseller, who had found out his error, and piteously asked for his volume back, or for a fair price. The new owner of the copy (need I say that he was a rich man?) bade the vendor leave the premises. That one does not call a good, but a bad, bargain for Dives. As to the bibliophile Jacob, I would scarcely condemn him. The jury of my moral feelings disagrees. He was poor, voluntarily poor, as a student is likely to be. He did not buy with the intention of selling again. It was a fair match between his knowledge and the bookseller's knowledge of the bookseller's business. The bibliophile, methinks, as he did not need the book, should have told the vendor not to throw away his good fortune, for, remember, the vendor also had bought the play at a great bargain. No, given a poor ignorant dealer, with a valuable possession which he offers cheap, I think a gentleman should enlighten his ignorance, and do him a good turn. A kind act in the collection of memory is worth a rare book or gem.

If any moralist asks whether I collect chivalrous deeds of this kind, I can only say that I never had the chance. My only bargain was Keats's "Lamia" for fifteen shillings. It was cheap, but a bookseller in a large way of business sold it to me, and conscience does not prick me much. I daresay he bought it for fourpence. Again, probably the balance in my case is all on the side of the trade. I have been buying rubbish of all sorts dear ever since I had a shilling to spend. I don't believe in most of my twopenny treasures. I am sure that I have positively pampered the dealers. Once only my good demon stopped me from giving £35 for an enamel of Monmouth, which afterwards went for £12 or so at Christie's as a miniature of Peterborough. Thus the balance is so much against me that I can only rectify it by robbing some poor tradesman if ever I get the chance. But there is never the temptation.

One of the greatest bargains I ever heard of was this. An institution had long possessed a collection of medals. The members of this corporation knew no more of medals than I do of contango; they were golfers in the way of their pleasures. They therefore sold the medals for a small sum to another institution, which cared for such toys. They also said, "Won't you take away the old cabinet too? We don't want it." So the old cabinet was carried off with its contents.

Comes one day a gentleman of the Semitic race to the secretary of the new owners.

"That's a niceish bit of furniture," he says. "Would the society think of parting with it? I could go as high as fifty pounds for a customer."

"We don't deal in old furniture," answers the secretary. The Hebrew returns next day. He goes to £250; he springs to £500, £800, £1000. Thereon the secretary consults his chiefs. A telegram arrives from Jacobs (a new Hebrew), he offers £1500. Abrahams, from Vienna, reaches £2000. There the body is, and the vultures (who know how they scent or see the prey?) are gathered together. Moses, from Paris, reaches £2500; Levy, of Amsterdam, whispers £3000, but at £3500 Lewis, of London, carries off the cabinet, and sells it to an amateur for £4500!

This is a true tale, and one marvels how the corporation who gave away the cabinet enjoy it. I think I know (none of the others seemed to know) whence that cabinet came, and on what historical occasion.

"It was a' for our rightfu' King" that it left France; at least, so I fancy.

In the case of Jeanne d'Arc one singular bargain may be noted. There are not, and never were, any portraits of the Maid, but some twenty years ago a Lyons collector possessed a small coloured popular image of her, apparently contemporary. He would have sold it to a French museum for 500f. (£20), but the money was not to be raised. After many adventures, at rapidly rising prices, it was bought by an Englishman (or a Scot), according to my French authority, a Mr. George Donalson, for about £700. Now, I have spoken in the conventional manner of Semitic purchasers, and, to correct the impression, I am glad to say that it was a Jew who prevailed, by dint of gold, on this Mr. Donalson to restore the image to France. The persons not to be congratulated are the Lyons collector and the museum which could not raise £20 for an object so interesting, if genuine. In books bargains arise when a niece, or a learned institution (as does occur) sells a splendid library as waste-paper. I hear of Reformation tracts, with cuts by Beham and Albert Dürer, recently sold by the pound, and piously picked up and delicately clothed in morocco by collectors; also of rare illustrated architectural works disposed of in the same fashion. But the name of the erudite institution before which these pearls were originally flung I think it decent not to mention. "It is an ill bird that fouls his own nest."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

For many a long year we have waited for Henry Irving's "Don Quixote." Who could have studied the man, noted his slim shape, his height and his action, who could have looked into his expressive countenance and marked that wonderful smile of his, without saying audibly or inaudibly, it matters not, "What a Don Quixote he would make!" It is inevitable this imagining the players of our time in some character familiar to us in fiction or history. I own that I am very fond of it. Anyone who has carefully studied the characteristics of our great actor could see at a glance that he might easily be a dreamy student, like Hamlet—would that he would play it once more for the sake of the youngest in the present generation—by far the best Hamlet of our time!—that the same face would equally suit the crafty Richelieu or the holy Becket walking in the very shadow of death; that the same face might easily be the dear old Vicar of Wakefield, the dream-haunted Eugene Aram or Mathias, the wild and picturesque Vanderdecken, or even the fierce Dubosc, or the janty Jingle and Robert Macaire. Henry Irving has a calm, saintlike, and benevolent mood, an acutely diplomatic and mischievous mood, and a rollicking Jeremy Diddler air, charged with reckless humour. But when we come to Napoleon—well, that is another story altogether. I was taken severely to task the other day for not seeing, "in my mind's eye, Horatio," our ideal, poetical, Rossetti-ish and Burne-Jonesy Ellen Terry as a coarse, vulgar, slang-loving washerwoman at the time of the First French Empire. Well, I don't see her in that rôle; but I may be mistaken, and if I am I shall most certainly say so. But that is not the point.

Many of us saw Henry Irving as Don Quixote; but, honestly, I don't think many who thought much about it saw even the ghost of a play in the story of Cervantes. When you come to consider it, there is no dramatic action whatever in the book, and uncommonly little variety. If you played "Don Quixote" in one act, or six acts, he would be perpetually doing the same thing. The value of the romance is in its description, not in the actual story. So Mr. Irving was surely wise in boiling down Mr. Wills's text into a couple of short scenes, which, though somewhat hazy to the uninformed spectator, at least afford him an opportunity of fairly embodying the dear old Don. We seem now to have seen him in the flesh; we have heard him talk and seen him smile, we have noticed how his wits went wool-gathering, and noted with pleasure the piety, the reverence, modesty, and courtesy which temper his wildest flights of eccentricity. It has been proved that "Don Quixote" the book cannot be turned into an interesting play or saved from monotony and dullness, which are among the sins never to be forgiven on the stage. But, abuse the play as we will, grumble at it or yawn over it, still no playgoer and student will deny that the brave and crack-brained Spanish gentleman whom we have loved for years has been brought nearer to us than was ever the case before and painted in bright colours by Henry Irving.

And here let me indulge in a little stage whisper. If the truth be told I don't think that the Lyceum audience, cultured as they are, know very much about Cervantes or his famous hero. They had not quite made up their minds whether Don Quixote was a hero of romance or an historical personage. They thought the fight with the pump the silliest of silly farces, worthy of the era of Bombastes Furioso or Chrononhotonthologos, and they put down the poor Don as even a worse and more incomprehensible bore than Shakspere's Malvolio. But this is not an age of reverence. They did not treat poor Malvolio very well when he first appeared on the Lyceum stage in durance vile, and had not Henry Irving's Don Quixote been first-class in the matter of acting, I fear me that some of that Lyceum audience would have gone there and then for the rider of Rosinante—who, by the way, acted to perfection. It cannot be said that there was no female interest in "Don Quixote" when poor old bare-boned Rosinante turned round her affectionate head to kiss her dismounted master. There was no chance for Sancho Panza, but once more Miss Maud Milton proved what an admirable artist she is. She can turn her hand to anything, and always succeeds. To my mind, there are few finer things in acting to be seen in London to-day than Henry Irving's Don and his Waterloo veteran, who improves every time I see him. I don't mean that Gregory Brewster gets better, but he is played better.

Henry Irving and John Hare are now friendly rivals in the art of depicting querulous old age, and it was a courteous compliment on the part of old Gregory Brewster, of the Lyceum, aged eighty-six, to step over to the Garrick to see and compliment his brother actor on his Lord Kilclare in "A Quiet Rubber."

It is satisfactory to find that all the difficulties about a new Fédora and a new Mrs. Ebbesmith have melted away. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose services belong to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, is to go back to the Haymarket to become the third of the prominent Fédoras, following in the footsteps of Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Bernard Beere; while Miss Olga Nethersole, fresh from her American campaign, is to be the second of the notorious Mrs. Ebbesmiths. Both performances will be of great interest to the student of acting. We all know about the plays and have discussed them to death; now let us see how a new mind and a fresh individuality brought to bear on a character can alter it for better or for worse. In only two characters common to great French stars has Sarah Bernhardt ever had a rival, in my estimation, and they are Frou-Frou and Camille. Her rival was Aimée Desclée, whose letters to an old lover and also to Alexandre Dumas I have just been reading with

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE EARL OF SELBORNE.

The Earl of Selborne, who died on May 4, at the age of eighty-two, was a great lawyer and a good man. He was the second son in the family of eleven children born to the late Rev. William Jocelyn Palmer, rector of an Oxfordshire village. He was educated at Winchester, near which city he lived and died, and at Trinity College, Oxford, where his ecclesiastical tastes deepened. In 1837 Mr. Roundell Palmer was called to the Bar, and soon distinguished himself in his profession. He had the infinite capacity for taking pains which some call genius, and allied to this industry was a habit of seriousness which impressed clients, solicitors, and judges. He became M.P. for Plymouth as a moderate Conservative in 1847, and represented that constituency for ten years, during which period he "took silk." He was appointed Solicitor-General and was knighted in 1861, at which time he had re-entered the House of Commons as a moderate Liberal M.P. for Richmond. In 1863 he was promoted to the Attorney-Generalship. He was for the next three years in the heyday of success at the Bar. In politics he took the conscientious step of opposing the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. His chief interest in politics was essentially theological. His printed words have chiefly to do with hymnology and ecclesiastical matters, and his last important speech in the House of Lords was a vigorous oration against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, in June last year. This utterance was all the more remarkable because Lord Selborne relied on his extraordinary memory for quoting authorities. In Mr. Gladstone's Ministries he was twice Lord Chancellor, from 1872 to 1874, and from 1880 to 1885. Lawyers regard with gratitude his labours in the reform of the judiciary, which were partly embodied in certain Acts, and undoubtedly have been useful in stimulating other and later action. In 1872 he was created a peer, and eleven years afterwards became an Earl. He is succeeded in the peerage by his only son, Viscount Wolmer, M.P., who married Lady Beatrice Cecil, the eldest daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury. Three of Lord Selborne's daughters are married, one being the wife of the Bishop of Southwell, another the Countess of Waldegrave, and a third Lady Sarah Biddulph; and one unmarried daughter, Lady Sophia Palmer, who has been her father's companion and right hand, also survives. Ten years ago the Earl lost his wife, who was Lady Laura Waldegrave, daughter of the eighth Earl Waldegrave.

In the House of Lords, on May 7, there was an eloquent harmony of eulogium of the deceased statesman. First, Lord Herschell, as Lord Chancellor, paid his tribute to one who had upheld the traditions of that high office. Then Lord Halsbury spoke of him as "a most kindly and generous friend." Lord Salisbury struck the highest note by advertizing to "the intensity of the belief and the conviction" with which both Lord Cairns and

Lord Selborne cherished the Christian truths which they supported by their conduct, and to which they had always been attached. The Prime Minister cordially concurred.

STORMING OF THE MALAKAND PASS.

On April 3, as has been recorded in these pages, the Malakand Pass was successfully stormed by the Gordon Highlanders, the Guides, the Scottish Borderers, and some companies of the 4th Sikh Infantry. The British loss was comparatively trifling as regards numbers, three men being killed and about fifty injured. The enemy's loss was estimated to be nearly five hundred killed. The Guides led the way up through defiles 3000 ft. long to the top of the pass. When a quarter of a mile had been traversed a rapid succession of rifle-shots proved the nearness of the Swatis. The Maxim guns were soon placed in position, and for some hours did deadly work against the indomitable natives. At last the enemy's firing, which had been very erratic, slackened, and the Gordon Highlanders and Scottish Borderers were ordered to charge. By three o'clock in the afternoon the pass was in the hands of the British, and the enemy were scattered far and wide. Our Illustration on the front page depicts this warfare, while on another page we give a sketch of the valley of the Swat, taken above the Malakand Pass. In the distance are the two ranges over which the troops advanced to the relief of Chitral.

CUCKOO.

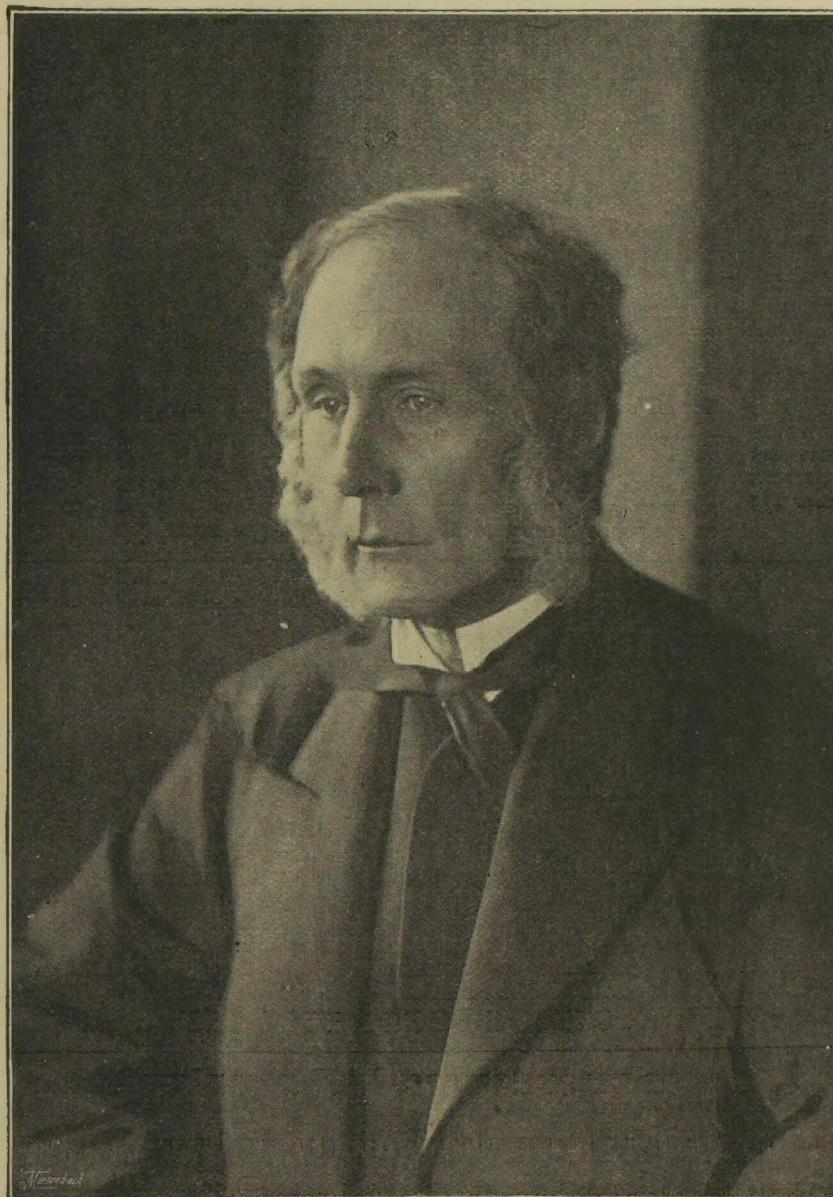
His voice runs before me; I follow, it flies:
It is now in the meadow, and now mid the skies.
So blithesome, so lightsome, now distant, now here.
And when he calls Cuckoo, the summer is near.

He calls back the roses, red roses that went
At the first blast of winter, so sad and forspent,
With the dew in their bosoms young roses and dear.
And when he calls Cuckoo, the summer is near.

I would twine him a gold cage, but what would he do
For his world of the emerald, his bath in the blue,
And his wee feathered comrades to make him good cheer?
And when he calls Cuckoo the summer is near.

Now, blackbird, give over your harping of gold!
Brown thrush and green linnet, your music withhold!
The flutes of the forest are silver and clear,
But when he calls Cuckoo the summer is here.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



THE LATE ROUNDELL PALMER, FIRST EARL OF SELBORNE, P.C.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Why is it, I wonder, that people who ought to know so much better will speak of the hypothesis of evolution as if it predicated the descent of man from the monkey? My good friend Mr. Beerbohm Tree is one of the latest sinners in this respect. In a notice of an address he delivered to the students of Harvard University I observe that Mr. Tree spoke of art as being on the side of the angels, in contradistinction, I presume, to an advocacy of the popular but erroneous view of evolution to which I have alluded. In the report of Mr. Tree's address which came under my notice, he plainly indicates "the man from the monkey" idea as an alternative side in the purpose of art. Now, Mr. Tree is a cultured man, and he may tell me—as is likely—that to speak of the descent of man from the monkey is a mere figure of speech, and that people know very well that no naturalist postulates any such belief. But I contend that, metaphor or no metaphor, all such forms of speech propagate an error—and a common error to boot—and are therefore scientifically vicious things.

What evolution says is, that man's descent from some stock or other, which probably formed the common ancestry of the existing quadrupedal and the human race, is a feasible idea scientifically regarded. This is a widely different thing from saying that "man is descended from the monkey." The former idea is tenable and probable; the latter represents simply a vulgar error, worthy only of the ignorant tub-thumper who "gives it 'ot to 'Uxley" in the parks on Sunday afternoons. It is, however, curious how the notion of the direct descent of humanity from apes lingers even among intellectually inclined folks, as a survival of the days when Darwin was denounced and when the critics, big and small, came forth, like the hosts of Midian, to slay the new ideas of 1859. You could not make a man, if you tried it, out of a patchwork of all the higher apes put together. The human type began to evolve on its own branch of the great mammalian tree, just as the ape-branch grew from the common

point of junction with the parent stem on its own and special way of development. Let us at least be fair to evolution, whether we agree with its doctrines or not. Hence, again, I enter my protest against all parodies of the doctrine which deals with man's ascent. However innocent the parody to which I allude may be, it is always a burlesque of what evolution teaches, and as such, always delays in some degree the advance of the truth.

Apropos of these remarks, my readers may know that M. Dubois lately gave an account of certain fossil remains, found in Java, which he contended exhibited characters transitional between those of ape and man. This declaration was made in the sense that the relics in question were of a type allied to those of the common ancestor. They represent, in this view of things, a stage or point where the human branch begins to diverge from the parent stem and to part company with the ape branch. These remains were denominated "pithecanthropoid" in character—that is to

say, a combination of the ape and the human. They consisted of a skull, a third molar tooth, and a left thigh-bone. The fossils were discovered at different times, and were not, as far as I can gather, intimately associated in point of locality. I presume the personal affinities of these remains will require to be fully determined before their nature can be finally decided upon; but I observe that Sir William Turner, whose opinions in this matter will possess great weight, discussed the nature of the fossils at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. M. Dubois' contention, as we have seen, was (and is) that the remains were those of a being intermediate between those of the ape and the man; but Sir W. Turner suggests that the bones may not be those of one and the same creature. Apart from this point, there is, of course, the skull to be

what circumstances could tuberculous meat and milk convey the disease to man? and secondly, what effect do cooking processes exert in preventing any injurious results, ascertained to be realities under the first part of the inquiry? The flesh of an animal affected with tuberculosis (in its organs) is not necessarily to be regarded as diseased, or rather as infectious; but Dr. Sidney Martin adds that in the process of dressing the carcass, infection may be conveyed to the meat from the knife of the butcher. This artificial and post-mortem infection, therefore, is a thing to be guarded against. Then, also, it was found that when tuberculous matter was placed on meat, and the meat tightly rolled up, it was not destroyed by roasting, baking, or boiling; though boiling, it is added, was more effective than baking, and baking more so than roasting.

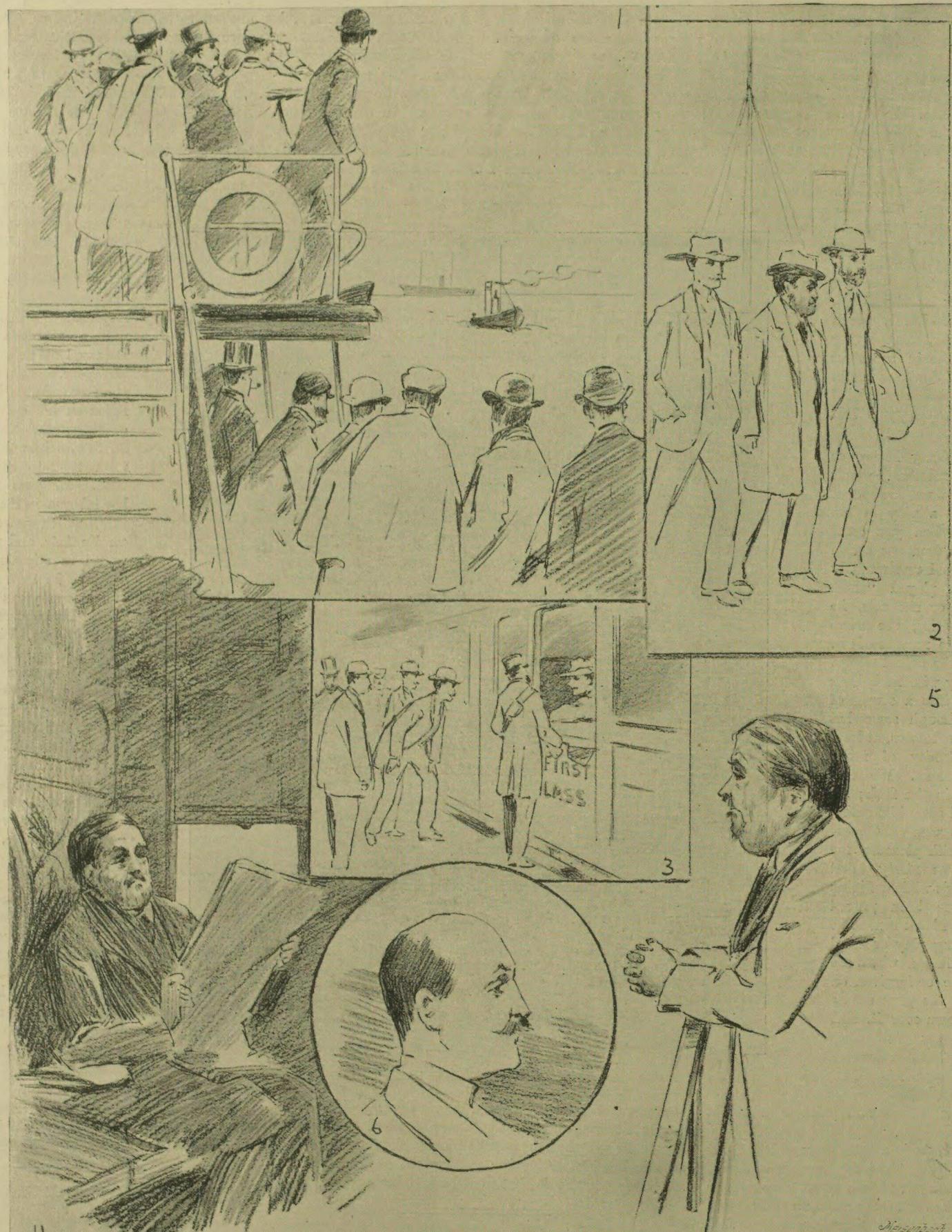
It is clear what is required here is the careful removal of every internal organ from the animal, and the guarding of any tainting of the meat.

Milk, it is said, becomes tuberculous only when the cow's udder is itself affected. Here, the old adage "boil the milk" must again be held to express our safety from the alleged infection which it may convey. I say "alleged," for I do not think it has been proved that milk can convey tubercle. I distinguish in this matter between what is probable and what is proved. Our safety will really lie in the thorough cooking of meat and in the boiling of milk. These measures may not be of perfect character, but they will at least assure for us a fair measure of sanitary security.

JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR.

After much uncertainty and innumerable delays, the return of Jabez Spencer Balfour to take his trial on charges in connection with the Liberator Building Society became an assured fact on May 6. In the custody of Inspector Froest the prisoner was conveyed from Salta, in Argentina, where he had been hiding under the name of Samuel Butler, on board the steamer *Tartar Prince*. This vessel arrived at Southampton early in the morning, and before the most vigilant journalists were cognisant of the event, Balfour was en route for London. The prisoner was detained at Vauxhall, and was

promptly taken to Bow Street Police Station. There the hearing of the case was commenced before Sir John Bridge, Balfour being defended by Mr. John O'Connor, formerly an Irish M.P. From the information on which the warrants were granted, it was alleged against the prisoner that he applied to his own use the sums of £3000 and £2645, and other sums, amounting to £20,000, from the House and Land Investment Trust. It was further alleged that Balfour had conspired with Henry Granville Wright, James William Hobbs, and with other persons, to cheat and defraud in this way. Balfour was also charged with obtaining sums amounting to £30,000 and applying them to his own use. Our illustrations, which we owe to the pertinacity of our special artist, show four stages in the journey of Balfour, which has so far terminated at Holloway Jail. The British love of fair play will need to be encouraged as new pages of a romantic drama are unrolled, for Balfour, though a fugitive from justice, is entitled to no prejudice on his trial.

1. The Police-Boat Leaving the *Tartar Prince*.

2. Landing at Southampton.

3, 4. In the Train.

5. At Bow Street.

6. Detective-Inspector Froest.

THE ARRIVAL OF JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR.

Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius Price.

considered, and the cranium is always a valuable guide to the nature of a higher vertebrate. The opinion expressed in Edinburgh regarding the skull was, that it might be the cranium of a true human of low type. The tooth exhibited human characters, but then, admittedly, the teeth of man and of the higher apes are closely alike. The discoveries of M. Dubois will reawaken the old controversy to which the Neanderthal skull and like relics gave rise. Probably for the present Sir W. Turner's declaration may content us. The common ancestor has not yet been found, although scientific expectation might reasonably point out to the scoffers and doubters that of the fossil remains which large and unexplored tracts of the world contain we are utterly ignorant.

The report of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis has been presented to Parliament. This Commission has been at work since July 1890. Its main inquiries have been devoted to the solution of two problems: first, under

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen came to London to hold a Drawing-Room on Tuesday, May 7. The Drawing-Room was held next day at Buckingham Palace; "Queen's weather." The Queen, since Wednesday, May 1, has received at Windsor Castle the visits of several members of the royal family and others belonging to Court circles. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children arrived on the first day, and next day left for Aldershot. On May 2, also, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and his son the Hereditary Prince, were at the Castle. Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, with her mother, the Queen Regent Emma, and her aunt, the Duchess of Albany, came on Friday, May 3, and lunched with our Queen, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg). The Netherlands Minister, Baron Goltstein van Oldenaller, was one of the guests on this occasion. The Earl of Rosebery, who had arrived and dined with our Queen the day before, met the two Dutch Queens, and several members of the Court and royal household were presented to them. Their Majesties the three Queens, with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, drove to Virginia Water and took tea at the Fishing Cottage. The young Queen Wilhelmina and her mother then returned to London, and the Duchess of Albany to Claremont. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with her daughter Princess Victoria, dined at Windsor Castle. On Saturday, May 4, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha left; the Queen's visitors that day were the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, Secretary of State for India, Sir

at Claremont on Sunday, with the Duchess of Albany. On Tuesday evening, their Netherlands Majesties, at Brown's Hotel, gave a dinner-party, at which Lord Carrington, the Lord Chamberlain, Baron and Baroness Goltstein, Lord Reay, who is half a Dutchman, Sir John M'Neill, Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold, the Dutch Consul-General, Mr. J. W. May, and the Consul, Mr. H. J. Maas, were invited guests of the Queen Regent.

The Marquis of Ripon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, on May 6 presided at a dinner given to Sir William C. F. Robinson, the new Governor of Western Australia.

The annual dinner of the Royal Academy at Burlington House on Saturday evening, May 4, was presided over by Sir John E. Millais instead of Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Academy, who was in ill health. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Rosebery, Lord Spencer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Mayor of London were the chief speakers.

The annual open-air demonstration in Hyde Park in favour of a law to enforce an eight-hours working day for all trades and industries took place on Sunday, May 5, with processions, banners, and bands of music. Some thousands of people assembled. There were five platforms, at one of which Mr. John Burns presided; speeches were made, and identical resolutions were passed at each platform, demanding also that the Government and local authorities shall deal with the problem of the unemployed.

Continental affairs have been quiescent. In the Austro-Hungarian Empire a Ministerial crisis, occasioned by a

the Bishop of St. Asaph, the Rev. Canon Wilberforce, and others. Resolutions were passed denouncing the massacres, and the accompanying cruelties and outrages, lately committed in Armenia; calling on the British Government to take action for putting an end to the barbarous misrule of that country, and to insist upon effectual reforms under permanent European supervision and control; also to demand the release of the Armenian clergymen, schoolmasters, and others now confined without any fair trial, and subjected to torture or ill-treatment, in Turkish prisons.

Japan has very wisely and with some dignity given way to the objections taken by Russia, France, and Germany, in which Spain might have been likely to join, against large territorial Japanese annexations on the mainland of Eastern Asia. It is announced that the cession of the Liao-tung peninsula with Port Arthur, under the treaty of Shimonoseki, will not be insisted upon; but China will have to provide an equivalent by an addition of 100,000,000 taels to the pecuniary indemnity. Japan will take Formosa.

The British dispute with the Central American Republic of Nicaragua has been settled by the payment of the £15,000 compensation for injuries to Englishmen on the Mosquito coast, and our ships of war have been withdrawn from Corinto.

The Chitral campaign, in the highlands of the Hindu Kush mountain region north of the Punjab, has been terminated by the advance of General Sir Robert Low, with the 3rd Brigade of his army, to meet Colonel Kelly at Chitral; while the captive Shere Afzul Khan has been sent



THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION: VIEW OF THE MALAKAND PASS, SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF THE 3RD OF APRIL; SWAT VALLEY AND RIVER IN THE DISTANCE.

Sketch by Major R. A. Hickson, 3rd Brigade of Bns.

Edmund Monson, Ambassador to Vienna, and Sir Hercules Robinson. The Prince of Wales came on Sunday, May 5, and returned to London in the evening.

His Royal Highness on the day before had called on the Queen of the Netherlands and the Queen Regent at Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, and on the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, came from Sandringham to Marlborough House on Monday, May 6, and in the evening gave a dinner party in honour of the Queen Regent of the Netherlands. Among the guests to meet her Majesty were the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and his son, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord Rosebery, and Baron Goltstein, the Netherlands Minister. The young Queen does not yet dine out, but she and her royal mother, a wise and good lady and an excellent Queen Regent, lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales next day, and called on the Duke and Duchess of York at St. James's Palace.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has arrived in London from Darmstadt, with Princesses Alexandra and Beatrice, to join the Duke and his eldest son at Clarence House.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on Tuesday, May 7, opened, at the Kensington Town Hall, a bazaar in aid of the Young Men's Friendly Society.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London on Monday, May 6, received the Queen of the Netherlands and the Queen Regent in the City, showed them Guildhall and the Tower Bridge, and entertained them with a luncheon at the Mansion House. Their Majesties visited Lord Salisbury at Hatfield House on Saturday, and were

difference of opinion between Count Kalnoky and the leading Minister of Hungary upon the proceedings of the Papal Nuncio, has been averted by the Emperor's tact and prudence. The Emperor has visited the scenes of destruction caused by the earthquake near Laibach.

The Sultan of Turkey, alarmed by an intimation that Russia, Great Britain, and France will propose a scheme of reformed government for Armenia, is preparing other proposals, which are disapproved beforehand by those in London who are organising a demonstration against the cruelties practised by Kurds and Turks on the Christian people. Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to this effect.

The London meeting to protest against the atrocities perpetrated last September in the Sassoun province of Armenia, south of Lake Van, which are still the subject of inquiry by the international commissioners at Moosh, was held on Tuesday, May 7, in St. James's Hall. The Duke of Argyll, who presided, said that he and Mr. Gladstone were now the two only survivors of Lord Aberdeen's Ministry of 1854, which entered into war mainly with a view to secure that the needful changes in the government of the Turkish Empire, for the relief of the oppressed Christian populations, should be directed by the European Powers jointly, not by Russia alone. The same undertaking, with the same responsibility, bearing especially on England, was renewed after the war between Russia and Turkey in 1878, and he must confess that the Western Powers had failed to perform that duty. His Grace, being obliged to retire, gave up the chair to the Duke of Westminster; speeches were made by the Bishop of Hereford, the Rev. Professor Story, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. F. S. Stevenson, Lady Henry Somerset, Sir John Kennaway, the Rev. Canon MacColl, the Rev. Dr. Clifford, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh,

to India, to reside at Dhurmsalla for the present, and Umra Khan is detained by the Afghan Amir at Cabul.

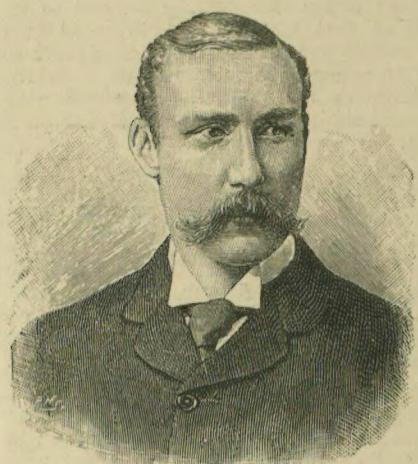
The Government of India has ordered six months' additional pay to be granted to all ranks of soldiers in the garrison of the fort of Chitral, as a reward for their bravery and fortitude during the siege of that fort, where Dr. Robertson and his staff defended themselves from capture when assailed by Shere Afzul Khan.

PARLIAMENT.

The Budget has proved quite uneventful. With a surplus of some three-quarters of a million, Sir William Harcourt has contented himself with taking off the extra tax on spirits levied last year, and with reimposing the sixpence a barrel on beer. The removal of the whisky duty is eminently satisfactory to the Irish supporters of the Government, and by a singular coincidence it is justified by purely fiscal considerations, as the Treasury had come to the conclusion that the extra duty was really not worth the trouble and expense of collection. The Chancellor of the Exchequer caused some excitement by incidentally remarking that this was probably the last time he should be in a position to introduce the Budget. An attack by Mr. A. C. Morton on the Duke of Coburg's annuity of £10,000 a year was resisted by the Government, and defeated by a majority of 121, the Opposition voting in a body with Ministers. The Welsh Disestablishment Bill was discussed in Committee after an unsuccessful attempt by the Opposition to divide it into two parts, one dealing with Disestablishment and the other with Disendowment. A good deal of time was spent on a succession of amendments designed to exclude various parts of Wales from the operation of the Bill. In the House of Lords the Sea Fisheries Regulation (Scotland) Bill was passed, and warm tributes were paid to the memory of the late Lord Selborne.

PERSONAL.

The death of the Earl of Selborne has raised again the "bitter cry of the eldest sons of peers." Viscount Wolmer has been active in time past in trying to remove the necessity for a peer to renounce his seat in the House of Commons.



Viscount Wolmer, M.P.
Heir to the Earldom of Selborne.

experience of Parliamentary life. Lord Wolmer is "at home" in St. Stephen's, and regards his call to the Upper House as an enforced journey into a strange land. But, on the other hand, the Conservative party, of which he is a loyal member, might reasonably complain if promising and able heirs to peerages refused to recruit that part of the Legislature which stands so much in need of new blood. So that, though Lord Wolmer and his fellow-sympathisers may vow they will ne'er consent to transplantation, no upholder of the threatened House of Lords can regret that occasionally that august assembly gains the experience and activity of young ex-members of Parliament. Rather let the House consider how best it can employ their talents, and thus strengthen its hold on the esteem of the nation. We may regard it as highly probable that the Marquis of Salisbury will soon welcome his son-in-law to the House of Peers.

The death of Mrs. Leslie Stephen, which occurred unexpectedly last Sunday morning, will cause deep and lasting regret to a large section of London literary and artistic society, where her extreme beauty and gracious kindness of manner made her stand out, a notable personage, among the men and women of her generation. Née Julia Prinsep, Mrs. Leslie Stephen was the niece of Lady Somers and Mrs. Cameron, and so was first cousin to Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, Lady Henry Somerset, and Mr. H. H. Cameron, the well-known art photographer, in whose studio are to be seen several exquisite sun-pictures, taken by his mother, of Mrs. Leslie Stephen, as a girl and young married woman. Married very young to Mr. Herbert Duckworth, she was left a widow with three children at the age of twenty-three; eight years later, in 1878, she married Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose first marriage was with a daughter of W. M. Thackeray. As a girl, she saw a great deal of Mr. Watts, who was an intimate friend of her father and mother, and he more than once painted her portrait.

On Tuesday, April 30, at the Grafton Galleries, a large and distinguished assembly foregathered to do honour to Mr. August Manns, organised chiefly by Mr. Hermann Klein, the secretary, when addresses were read, honours were awarded, speeches were made, and enthusiasm prevailed. In truth, of all men who have laboured for the art of music in England none better than Mr. Manns deserved so significant a tribute of respect. It mattered not that Mr. Joseph Bennett's prose poem in honour of Mr. Manns, the musician, the artist, the conductor, rather reminded one of those magnificent lines in "Martin Chuzzlewit," wherein a certain philanthropist is honoured as the "Architect, Artist, and Man." It mattered not that the speeches were something lacking in wit, or that the concert which followed was a little flimsy. It sufficed that we were assembled to do honour to a great conductor, and that our intentions in this respect, at all events, were duly fulfilled.

The Rev. Uriah R. Thomas, who presided over the usual May session of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, is in his fifty-sixth year. He is the son of the late Rev. Dr. David Thomas, of Stockwell, who edited the *Homilist* with so much ability. Dr. Thomas died last January at the age of eighty-four. The Chairman of the Congregational Union was born at Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, and was educated for the ministry at Cheshunt College, where he studied for five years. He became in 1862 the first minister of Redland Park Congregational Church, Bristol, where he has since remained, despite various inducements to accept other pastorates. In Bristol, which, according to Canon Barnett, ought to be "an ideal city," Mr. Thomas has accomplished much excellent work. For twenty-one years he has served

on the School Board, being its present Vice-Chairman. He founded the Children's Help Society in Bristol and the Ministers' Seaside Home in Devonshire. He is President of the Western Temperance League, and he takes a deep interest in public affairs. In his denomination Mr. Thomas has long been held in high esteem; he has been Chairman of the Gloucestershire and Hereford Congregational Union, and when he was called by his brethren last year to succeed the Rev. G. S. Barrett in the post of honour he now occupies, general approval was felt. Mr. Thomas assisted his father on the *Homilist*, and afterwards became its editor. He has published a volume of sermons entitled "Notes of a Year's Ministry," which passed through two editions.

Mr. David Bispham's Brahms Concert, given at the St. James's Hall on the anniversary of that master's birth, on Tuesday, May 7, was in many ways a singular success. Mr. Bispham is a genuine artist, and he sang song after song of Brahms with a conscientiousness, a sincerity, an assured sentiment which one would not easily expect to find surpassed. He was assisted by Mrs. Henschel, who sang with much feeling, and by Miss Agnes Janson, who sang, with a particular intensity of expression, various songs by the same composer. The "Ladies of the Magpie Minstrels" sang two trios with considerable prettiness and care. In fact, they made one regret that they are heard in public so seldom.

A scholarly gentleman who preferred travel to town life was the Earl of Pembroke, who died at Bad-Neuheim on May 3.

The son of Sidney Herbert, a Cabinet Minister of forty years ago, he succeeded his father as second Lord Herbert of Lea at the age of eleven, and in the following year advanced to the Earldom of Pembroke by the death of his grandfather. He was educated at Eton.

Lord Pembroke held the office of Parliamentary Secretary for War for a brief period, but otherwise took no prominent part in politics. He had literary tastes which found expression in a volume entitled "South Sea Bubbles," which was a bright record of a trip taken in company with a brother of Charles Kingsley, and a philosophical treatise called "Roots." Recently Lord Pembroke had prefaced a book of travel by Mr. Louis Becke. He married, in 1874, Lady Gertrude Frances, third daughter of the eighteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, but having no family, his heir is his brother, the Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., who is forty-two years old, and has been in Parliament since 1877. The late Earl was forty-five years of age, and was greatly appreciated by his many friends for his scholarly character and charm of manner.

A stalwart thinker who preferred his own opinions to second-hand views was Mr. William Saunders, M.P., who died after a long illness on May 1.

He was born in 1823, and received his education at Devizes Grammar School. Journalism attracted him, and he had much to do with the founding of the Western Morning News, and its Eastern namesake. The Central News Agency was another of his ideas, into which he threw great energy until his retirement in 1884. He became Liberal member of Parliament for East Hull in 1885, but was defeated the following year. Then he represented Walworth on the London County Council, a history of whose early proceedings he wrote, and in 1892 was returned to Parliament for this constituency, but ill-health prevented his taking a very active part in politics latterly. He was never a strict party man, and his independence on Home Rule and other questions will be remembered. Mr. Saunders was a participant in the historical "Battle of Trafalgar Square." He was deeply interested in temperance, and was a vice-president of the United Kingdom Alliance. He had only recently returned from the South of France, it was hoped in better health, but he suddenly passed away while residing with his brother at Market Lavington.

We have received some cigarettes from Messrs. Muratti, Sons, and Co., which may be cordially commended to the smoker of Turkish tobacco. The "Aristop" cigarette is remarkable for its fragrance and delicacy of flavour, and cannot fail to hold its own in a very severe competition.

The late Mr. Lawrence Gane, Q.C., has been succeeded in the representation of East Leeds by Mr. Thomas Richmond Leuty. The new M.P. is very popular in the city where he was born forty-two years ago. He was educated at Bramham College, and at the age of twenty-one became the head of the firm of Messrs. Thomas Leuty and Co., linen manufacturers. He is energetic in social and municipal affairs, and last year was Mayor of Leeds, to the general satisfaction of his fellow-townsmen. He has travelled in the United States and India, and ought to be an acquisition to the group of enlightened men of business who are characteristic of the House of Commons in later years. Mr. Leuty married a daughter of Mr. John Arthington. He is a prominent Congregationalist, and exercises considerable influence for the well-being of young men. In 1892 he was Mr. W. L. Jackson's opponent in the Northern Division of Leeds. His large majority on the present occasion is a high tribute to the esteem in which he is held.

Colonel F. C. Maude, R.A., V.C., C.B., who was recently made a Military Knight of Windsor, read a paper on Madagascar at a recent meeting of the Carlyle Society, under Dr. Oswald's presidency. Concerning the French operations in that island, he prophesied a bloodless victory for the invaders unless there was some extraordinary blundering, while their chief difficulty would be transport. He did not consider that the strategical importance of Madagascar was great, seeing that the splendid harbour of Diego Suarez has given the French for the last eight years all the advantages derivable from their acquisition, and the establishment of trading-stations along the coast would mean so many vulnerable points. The lecturer then gave a detailed account of the resources of the country. For a week's journey inland from the coast malarial fever raged. There were not deposits of gold in payable quantities for European labour, and there was no or little good coal. Though labour was cheap native manufactures were poor. There were several successful English plantations of cocoa, while coffee was exceedingly productive, and commanded a good price. For the future, Colonel Maude looked forward to the growth of trade in indiarubber and coffee, also of vanilla, about the culture of which he gave some very interesting particulars. The lecturer then gave a most valuable account of many Hova customs. A discussion followed the paper, to which the most important contribution was made by an Indian gentleman, Yusuf Ali, who pointed out that the foreign commerce of Madagascar was chiefly with British India, and in the hands of Indian citizens. In the crisis of Indian trade due to the supremacy of Japan, commerce with Madagascar and Eastern Africa was of cardinal importance, and would seriously suffer from the domination of Protectionist France.

Australian wines are already well known in Great Britain, and judging from a sample which has been submitted to us, the brandy sent to this country by Messrs. Joshua Brothers, of Melbourne, ought to acquire an equally excellent reputation. The connoisseur will probably be surprised by the quality of this colonial product, which shows that Australian enterprise has distilled a not unworthy rival of cognac.

Just lately we have had to chronicle several military losses, and it is with much regret that we have to add to the list the name of Captain Harry Gordon Dunning, D.S.O., of the Royal Fusiliers. This young officer died on March 9 from a wound, at Unyoro, in far-off Uganda. He was the third son of the late Mr. Simon Dunning, and was thirty-three years old. In 1881 he was appointed a second Lieutenant in the 7th Foot, and served with the Egyptian Army from 1883 to 1893. During this period he was present at the action of Sarras, being mentioned in dispatches, and receiving the fourth class Osmanieh. He was also granted subsequently the medal with clasp and the bronze star, and was made a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order. Since July 1894 Captain Dunning had been employed in Uganda in a civil capacity.



Photo by Heslop and Woods.

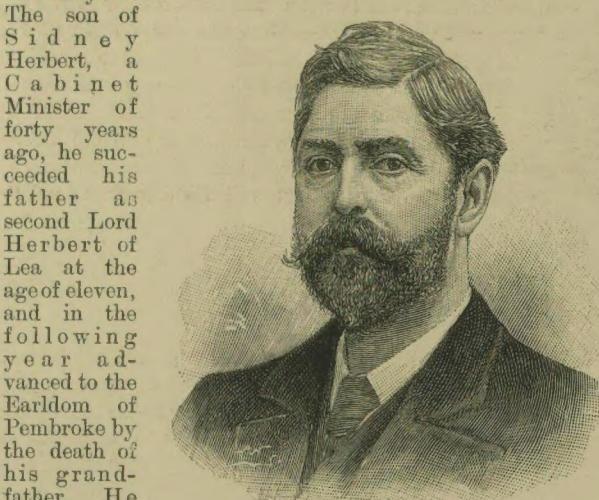


Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE LATE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

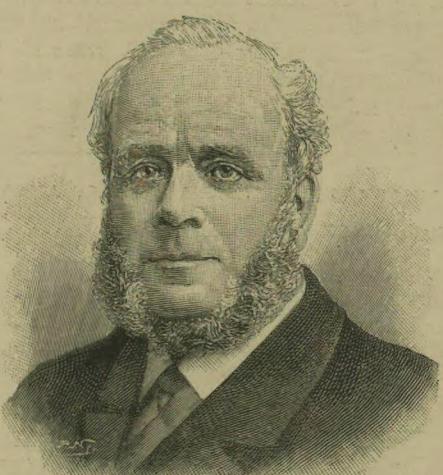


Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE LATE MR. W. SAUNDERS, M.P.

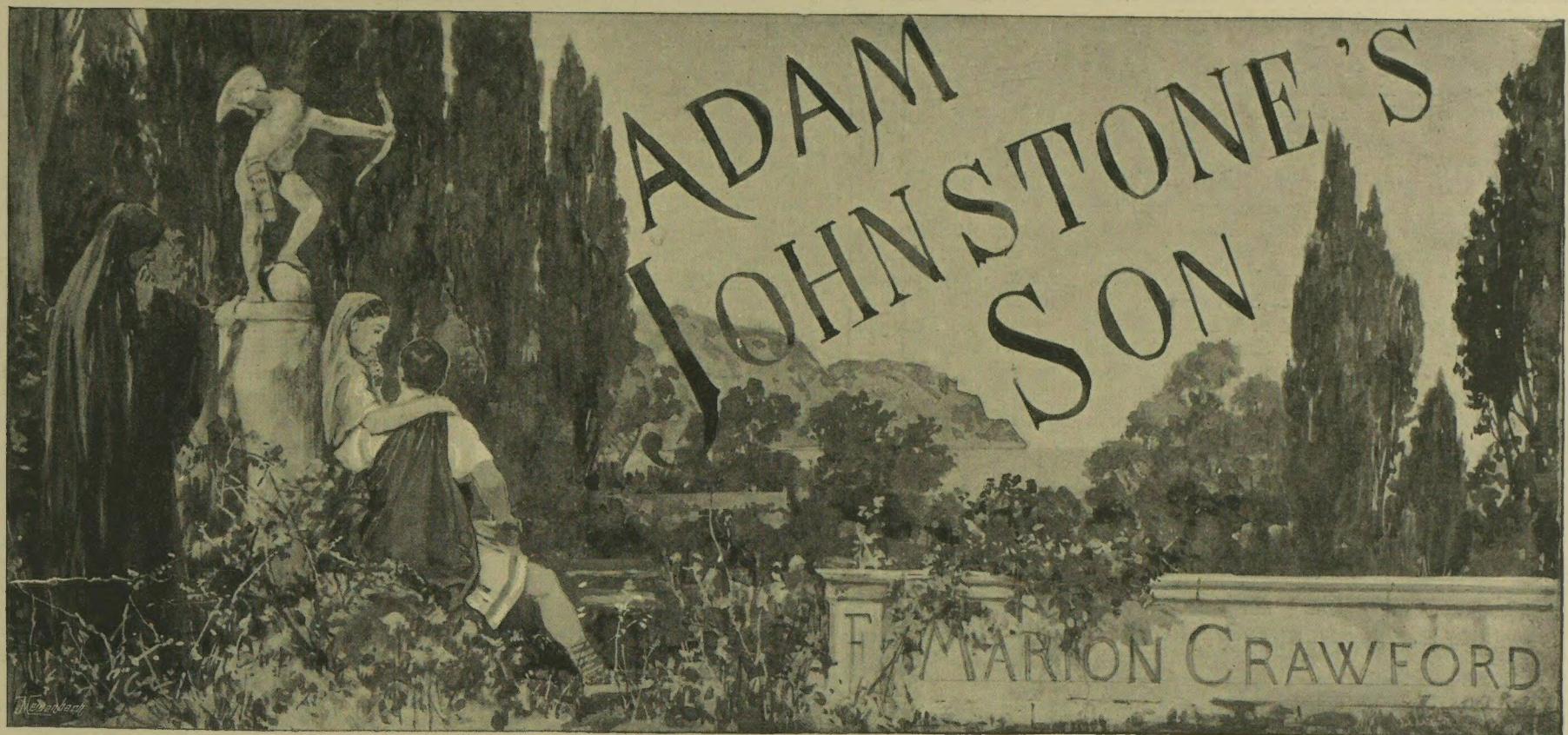


Photo by Maull and Fox.
THE LATE CAPTAIN A. G. DUNNING.



Photo by A. Lewis.
THE REV. URIAH R. THOMAS,
Chairman of the Congregational Union.

shire, and was educated for the ministry at Cheshunt College, where he studied for five years. He became in 1862 the first minister of Redland Park Congregational Church, Bristol, where he has since remained, despite various inducements to accept other pastorates. In Bristol, which, according to Canon Barnett, ought to be "an ideal city," Mr. Thomas has accomplished much excellent work. For twenty-one years he has served



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER VII.

"You seemed to be most tremendously in earnest yesterday, when we were talking about that book," observed Brook to Clare on the following afternoon.

"Of course I was," she answered.
"I said just what I thought."

They were walking together along the high road which leads from Amalfi towards Salerno. It is certainly one of the most beautiful roads in Europe, and in the whole world. The chain of rocky heights dashes with wild abruptness from its five thousand feet straight to the dark-blue sea, bristling with sharp needles and spikes of stone, rough with a chaos of brown boulders, cracked from peak to foot with deep torn gorges. In each gorge nestles a garden of oranges and lemons and pomegranates, and out of the stones there blows a perfume of southern blossom through all the month of May. The sea lies dark and clear below, ever tideless, often still as a woodland pool; then, sometimes, rising suddenly in deep-toned wrath, smiting the face of the cliff, booming through the low-mouthed cave, curling its great green curls and coursing them out to frothing ringlets along the strips of beach, winding itself about the rock of Conca in a heavily gleaming sheet, and whirling its wraith of foam to heaven, the very ghost of storm.

And in the face of those rough rocks, high above the water, is hewn a way that leads round the mountain's base, many miles along, over the sharp-jutting spurs, and in between the boulders and the needles, down into the gardens of the gorges and past the dark towers whence watchmen once descried the Saracen's ill-boding sail and sent up their warning beacon of smoke by day and fire by night.

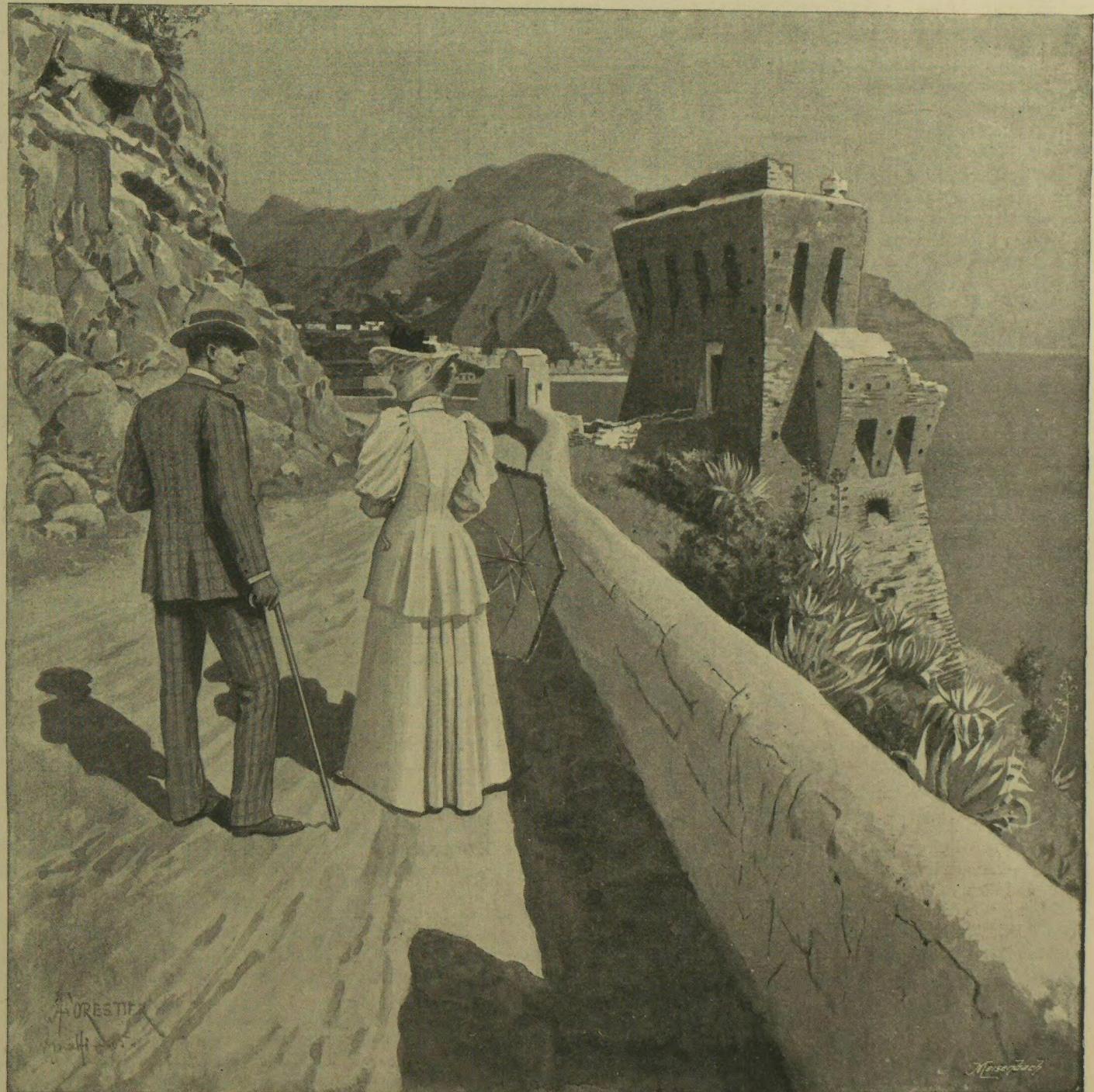
It is the most beautiful road in the world, in its infinite variety, in the grandeur above and the breadth below, and the marvellous rich sweetness of the deep gardens—passing as it does out of wilderness into splendour, out of splendour into wealth of colour and light and odour, and again out to the rugged strength of the loveliness beyond.

Clare and Johnstone had exchanged idle phrases for awhile, until they had passed Atrani and the turn where the new way leads up to Ranello, and were fairly out on the road. They were both glad to be out together and walking,

for Clare had grown stronger, and was weary of always sitting on the terrace, and Johnstone was tired of taking long walks alone, merely for the sake of being hungry afterwards, and of late had given it up altogether.

Mrs. Bowring herself was glad to be alone for once, and made little or no objection, and so the two had started in the early afternoon.

Johnstone's remark had been premeditated, for his



"I'm sorry, too," he said quietly. "Shall we turn back?"

curiosity had been aroused on the preceding day by Clare's words and manner. But after she had given him her brief answer she said no more, and they walked on in silence for a few moments.

"Yes," said Johnstone at last, as though he had been reflecting, "you generally say what you think. I didn't doubt it at the time. But you seem rather hard on the men. Women are all angels, of course—"

"Not at all!" interrupted Clare. "Some of us are quite the contrary."

"Well, it's a generally accepted thing, you know. That's what I mean. But it isn't generally accepted that men are. If you take men into consideration at all you must make some allowances."

"I don't see why. You are much stronger than we are. You all think that you have much more pride. You always say that you have a sense of honour which we can't understand. I should think that with all those advantages you would be much too proud to insist upon our making allowances for you."

"That's rather keen, you know," answered Brook, with a laugh. "All the same, it's a woman's occupation to be good, and a man has a lot of other things to do besides. That's the plain English of it. When a woman isn't good she falls. When a man is bad, he doesn't—it's his nature."

"Oh—if you begin by saying that all men are bad! That's an odd way out of it."

"Not at all. Good men and bad women are the exceptions, that's all—in the way you mean goodness and badness."

"And how do you think I mean goodness and badness? It seems to me that you are taking a great deal for granted, aren't you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Brook, growing vague on a sudden. "Those are rather hard things to talk about."

"I like to talk about them. How do you think I understand those two words?"

"I don't know," repeated Johnstone, still more vaguely. "I suppose your theory is that men and women are exactly equal, and that a man shouldn't do what a woman ought not to do—and all that, you know. I don't exactly know how to put it."

"I don't see why what is wrong for a woman should be right for a man," said Clare. "The law doesn't make any difference, does it? A man goes to prison for stealing or forging, and so does a woman. I don't see why society should make any distinction about other things. If there were a law against flirting, it would send the men to prison just like the women, wouldn't it?"

"What an awful idea!" laughed Brook.

"Yes, but in theory—"

"Oh, in theory it's all right; but in practice we men are not wrapped in cotton and tied up with pink ribbons from the day we are born to the day we are married. I—I don't exactly know how to explain what I mean, but that's the general idea. Among poor people—I believe one mustn't say the lower classes any more—well, with them it isn't quite the same. The women don't get so much care and looking after when they are young, you know—that sort of thing. The consequence is that there's much more equality between men and women. I believe the women are worse, and the men are better—it's my opinion, at all events. I dare say it isn't worth much. It's only what I see at home, you know."

"But the working people don't flirt!" exclaimed Clare. "They drink, and that sort of thing—"

"Yes, lots of them drink—men and women. And as for flirting—they don't call it flirting, but in this way I dare say it's very much the same thing. Only, in our part of the country, a man who flirts, if you call it so, gets just as bad a name as a woman. You see, they all had about the same bringing up. But with us it's quite different. A girl is brought up in a cage, like a turtle dove, with nothing to do except to be good, while a boy is sent to a public school when he is eleven or twelve, which is exactly the same as sending him to hell, except that he has the certainty of getting away."

"But boys don't learn to flirt at Eton," observed the young girl.

"Well—no," answered Johnstone. "But they learn everything else except Latin and Greek, and they go to a private tutor to learn those things before they go to the University."

"You mean that they learn to drink and gamble, and all that?" asked Clare.

"Oh—more or less—a little of everything that does no good—and then you expect us afterwards to be the same as you are, who have been brought up by your mothers at home. It isn't fair, you know."

"No," answered Clare, yielding. "It isn't fair. That strikes me as the best argument you have used yet. But it doesn't make it right, for all that. And why shouldn't men be brought up to be good, just as women are?"

Brook laughed.

"That's quite another matter. Only a paternal government would do that—or a maternal government. We haven't got either, so we have to do the best we can. I only state the fact, and you are obliged to admit it. I can't go back to the reason. The fact remains. In certain ways, at a certain age, all men as a rule are bad, and all women, on the whole, are good. Most of you know it, and

you judge us accordingly, and make allowances. But you yourself don't seem inclined to be merciful. Perhaps you'll be less hard-hearted when you are older."

"I'm not hard-hearted!" exclaimed Clare, indignantly. "I'm only just. And I shall always be the same, I'm sure."

"If I were a Frenchman," said Brook, "I should be polite, and say that I hoped so. As I'm not, and as it would be rude to say that I didn't believe it, I'll say nothing. Only to be what you call just isn't the way to be liked, you know."

"I don't want to be liked," Clare answered rather sharply. "I hate what are called popular people!"

"So do I. They are generally awful bores, don't you know. They want to keep the thing up and be liked all the time."

"Well—if one likes people at all, one ought to like them all the time," objected Clare, with unnecessary contrariety.

"That was the original point," observed Brook. "That was your objection to the man in the book—that he loved first one sister and then the other. Poor chap! The first one loved him, and the second one prayed for him! He had no luck!"

"A man who will do that sort of thing is past praying for!" retorted the young girl. "It seems to me that when a man makes a woman believe that he loves her, the best thing he can do is to be faithful to her afterwards."

"Yes, but supposing that he is quite sure that he can't make her happy—"

"Then he had no right to make love to her at all."

"But he didn't know it at first. He didn't find out until he had known her a long time."

"That makes it all the worse," exclaimed Clare with conviction, but without logic.

"And while he was trying to find out, she fell in love with him," continued Brook. "That was unlucky, but it wasn't his fault, you know—"

"Oh, yes, it was—in that book at least. He asked her to marry him before he had half made up his mind. Really, Mr. Johnstone," she continued, almost losing her temper, "you defend the man almost as though you were defending yourself!"

"That's rather a hard thing to say to a man, isn't it?"

Johnstone was young enough to be annoyed, though he was amused.

"Then why do you defend the man?" asked Clare, standing still at a turn of the road and facing him.

"I won't if we are going to quarrel about a ridiculous book," he answered, looking at her. "My opinion's not worth enough for that."

"If you have an opinion at all, it's worth fighting for."

"I don't want to fight, and I won't fight with you," he answered, beginning to laugh.

"With me or with anyone else—"

"No—not with you," he said with sudden emphasis.

"Why not with me?"

"Because I like you very much," he answered boldly, and they stood looking at each other in the middle of the road.

Clare had started in surprise, and the colour rose slowly to her face, but she would not take her eyes from his. For the first time it seemed to her that he had no power over her.

"I'm sorry," she answered. "For I don't like you."

"Are you in earnest?" He could not help laughing.

"Yes." There was no mistaking her tone.

Johnstone's face changed, and for the first time in their acquaintance he was the first to turn his eyes away.

"I'm sorry too," he said quietly. "Shall we turn back?" he asked after a moment's pause.

"No, I want to walk," answered Clare.

She turned from him, and began to walk on in silence. For some time neither spoke. Johnstone was puzzled, surprised, and a little hurt, but he attributed what she had said to his own roughness in telling her that he liked her, though he could not see that he had done anything so very terrible. He had spoken spontaneously, too, without the least thought of producing an impression, or of beginning to make love to her. Perhaps he owed her an apology. If she thought so, he did, and it could do no harm to try.

"I'm very sorry if I offended you just now," he said gently. "I didn't mean to."

"You didn't offend me," answered Clare. "It isn't rude to say that one likes a person."

"Oh—I beg your pardon—I thought perhaps—"

He hesitated, surprised by her very unexpected answer. He could not imagine what she wanted.

"Because I said that I didn't like you?" she asked.

"Well—yes."

"Then it was I who offended you," answered the young girl. "I didn't mean to, either. Only, when you said that you liked me, I thought you were in earnest, you know, and so I wanted to be quite honest, because I thought it was fairer. You see, if I had let you think that I liked you, you might have thought we were going to drift into being friends, and that's impossible, you know—

because I never did like you, and I never shall. But that needn't prevent our walking together, and talking, and all that. At least, I don't mean that it should. That's the reason why I won't turn back just yet—"

"But how in the world can you enjoy walking and talking with a man you don't like?" asked Johnstone, who was completely at sea, and began to think that he must be dreaming.

"Well, you are awfully good company, you know, and I can't always be sitting with mother on the terrace, though we love each other dearly."

"You are the most extraordinary person!" exclaimed Johnstone, in genuine bewilderment. "And of course your mother dislikes me too, doesn't she?"

"Not at all," answered Clare. "You asked me that before, and I told you the truth. Since then she likes you better and better. She is always saying how nice you are."

"Then I had better always talk to her," suggested Brook, feeling for a clue.

"Oh! I shouldn't like that at all!" cried the young girl, laughing.

"And yet you don't like me. That is like twenty questions. You must have some very particular reason for it," he added thoughtfully. "I suppose I must have done some awful thing without knowing it. I wish you would tell me. Won't you, please? Then I'll go away."

"No," Clare answered. "I won't tell you. But I have a reason. I'm not capricious. I don't take violent dislikes to people for nothing. Let it alone. We can talk very pleasantly about other things. Since you are good enough to like me, it might be amusing to tell me why. If you have any good reason, you know, you won't stop liking me just because I don't like you, will you?"

She glanced sideways at him as she spoke, and he was watching her and trying to understand her, for the revelation of her dislike had come upon him very suddenly. She was on the right as they walked, and he saw her against the light sky, above the line of the low parapet. Perhaps the light behind her dazzled him; at all events, he had a strange impression for a moment. She seemed to have the better of him, and to be stronger and more determined than he. She seemed taller than she was, too, for she was on the higher part of the road, in the middle of it. For an instant he felt precisely what she so often felt with him, that she had power over him. But he did not resent the sensation as she did, though it was quite as new to him.

Nevertheless, he did not answer her, for she had spoken only half in earnest, and he himself was not just then inclined to joke for the mere sake of joking. He looked down at the road under his feet, and he knew all at once that Clare attracted him much more than he had imagined. The sidelong glance she had bestowed upon him had fascination in it. There was an odd charm about her girlish contrariety and in her frank avowal that she did not like him. Her dislike roused him. He did not choose to be disliked by her, especially for some absurd trifles in his behaviour which he had not even noticed when he had made the mistake, whatever it might be.

He walked along in silence, and he was aware of her light tread and the soft sound of her serge skirt as she moved. He wished her to like him, and wished that he knew what to do to change her mind. But that would not be easy, since he did not know the cause of her dislike. Presently she spoke again, and more gravely.

"I should not have said that. I'm sorry. But, of course, you know that I wasn't in earnest."

"I don't know why you should not have said it," he answered. "As a matter of fact, you are quite right. I don't like you any the less because you don't like me. Likin' isn't a bargain with cash on delivery. I think I like you all the more for being so honest. Do you mind?"

"Not in the least. It's a very good reason." Clare smiled, and then suddenly looked grave again, wondering whether it would not be really honest to tell him then and there that she had overheard his last interview with Lady Fan.

But she reflected that it could only make him feel uncomfortable.

"And another reason why I like you is because you are combative," he said thoughtfully. "I'm not, you know. One always admires the qualities one hasn't oneself."

"And you are not combative. You don't like to be in the opposition?"

"Not a bit! I'm not fond of fighting. I systematically avoid a row."

"I shouldn't have thought that," said Clare, looking at him again. "Do you know, I think most people would take you for a soldier?"

"Do I look as though I would seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth?" Brook laughed. "Am I full of strange oaths?"

"Oh, that's ridiculous, you know!" exclaimed Clare. "I mean, you look as though you would fight."

"I never would if I could help it. And so far I have managed 'to help it' very well. I'm naturally mild, I think. You are not, you know. I don't mean to be rude, but I think you are pugnacious—'combative' is prettier."

"My father was a soldier," said the girl, with some pride.

"And mine is a brewer. There's a lot of inheritable difference between handling gunpowder and brewing mild ale. Like father, like son. I shall brew mild ale, too."

If you could have charged at Balaclava, you would. By the way, it isn't the beer that you object to? Please tell me. I shouldn't mind at all, and I'd much rather know that it was only that."

"How absurd!" cried Clare with scorn. "As though it made any difference!"

"Well—what is it, then?" asked Brook with sudden impatience. "You have no right to hate me without telling me why."

"No right?" The young girl turned on him half fiercely, and then laughed. "You haven't a standing order from Heaven to be liked by the whole human race, you know!"

"And if I had, you would be the solitary exception, I suppose," suggested Johnstone with a rather discontented smile.

"Perhaps."

"Is there anything I could do to make you change your mind? Because, if it were anything in reason, I'd do it."

The huge carter was sprawling on the front sacks, yelling a tuneless chant at the top of his voice. He was a black-haired man, with a hideous mouth, and his face was red with wine. As he yelled his song, he flogged his miserable beast with a heavy whip, accenting his howls with cruel blows. Clare grew pale with anger as she came nearer and saw it all more distinctly. The mule's knees bent nearly double at every violent step, its wide eyes were bright red all round, its white tongue hung out, and it gasped for breath. The road was stony, too, besides being steep, for it had been lately mended and not rolled.

"Brute!" exclaimed Clare in a low voice, and her face grew paler.

Johnstone said nothing, and his face did not change as they advanced.

"Don't you see?" cried the young girl. "Can't you do anything? Can't you stop him?"

"Oh, yes. I think I can do that," answered Brook indifferently. "It is rather rough on the mule."

back of the cart, walking unsteadily, for he was evidently drunk. The two stopped by the parapet and looked on.

"He's going to unload," said Johnstone. "That's sensible at all events."

The sacks, as usual in Italy, were bound to the cart by cords, which were fast in front, but which wound upon a heavy spindle at the back. The spindle had three holes in it, in which staves were thrust as levers, to turn it and hold the ropes taut. Two of the staves were tightly pressed against the load, while the third nearly stood upright in its hole.

The man took the third stave, a bar of elm four feet long and as thick as a man's wrist, and came round to the mule again on the side away from Clare and Johnstone. He lifted the weapon high in air, and almost before they realised what horror he was perpetrating he had struck three or four tremendous blows upon the creature's back, making as many bleeding wounds. The mule kicked and shivered violently, and its eyes were almost starting from its head.



She sprang with all her might, threw her arms round the drunken man's neck from behind, and dragged him backward.

"It's rather a pity that you should put in the condition of its being in reason," answered Clare, as her lip curled. "But there isn't anything. You may just as well give it up at once."

"I won't."

"It's a waste of time, I assure you. Besides, it's more variety. It's only because everybody likes you—so you think that I should too."

"Between us, we are getting at my character at last," observed Brook with some asperity. "You've discovered my vanity now. By-and-by we shall find out some more good qualities."

"Perhaps. Each one will be a step in our acquaintance, you know. Steps may lead down, as well as up. We are walking downhill on this road just now, and it's steep. Look at that unfortunate mule dragging that cart uphill towards us! That's like trying to be friends against odds. I wish the man would not beat the beast like that, though! What brutes those people are!"

Her dark-blue eyes fixed themselves keenly on the sight, and the pupils grew wide and angry. The cart was a hundred yards away, coming up the road, piled high with sacks of potatoes, and drawn by one wretched mule,

"Rough! It's brutal; it's beastly; it's cowardly; it's perfectly inhuman!"

At that moment the unfortunate animal stumbled, struggled to recover itself as the lash descended pitilessly upon its thin flanks, and then fell headlong and tumbled upon its side. The heavy cart pulled back, half turning, so that the shafts were dragged sideways across the mule, whose weight prevented the load from rolling downhill. The carrier stopped singing and swore, beating the beast with all his might, as it lay still gasping for breath.

"Ah, assassin! Ah, carrion! I will teach thee! Curses on the dead of thy house!" he roared.

Brook and Clare were coming nearer.

"That's not very intelligent of the fellow," observed Johnson indifferently. "He had much better get down."

"Oh, stop it, stop it!" cried the young girl, suffering acutely for the helpless creature.

But the man had apparently recognised the impossibility of producing any impression unless he descended from his perch. He threw the whip to the ground and slid off the sacks. He stood looking at the mule for a moment, and then kicked it in the back with all his might. Then, just as Johnstone and Clare came up, he went round to the

Johnstone reached the man first, caught the stave in air as it was about to descend again, wrenched it out of the man's hands, and hurled it over Clare's head across the parapet and into the sea. The man fell back a step, and his face grew purple with rage. He roared out a volley of horrible oaths, in a dialect perfectly incomprehensible even to Clare, who knew Italian well.

"You needn't yell like that, my good man," said Johnstone, smiling at him.

The man was big and strong, and drunk. He clenched his fists and made for his adversary, head down, in the futile Italian fashion. The Englishman stepped aside, landed a left-handed blow behind his ear, and followed it up with a tremendous kick, which sent the fellow upon his face in the ditch under the rocks. Clare looked on, and her eyes brightened singularly, for she had fighting blood in her veins. The man seemed stunned, and lay still where he had fallen. Johnstone turned to the fallen mule, which lay bleeding and gasping under the shafts, and he began to unbuckle the harness.

"Could you put a big stone behind the wheel?" he asked, as Clare tried to help him.

He knew that the cart must roll back if it were not

blocked, for he had noticed how it stood. Clare looked about for a stone, picked one up by the roadside, and went to the back of the cart, while Johnstone patted the mule's head, and busied himself with the buckles of the harness, bending low as he did so. Clare also bent down, trying to force the stone under the wheel, and did not notice that the carter was sitting up by the roadside, feeling for something in his pocket.

An instant later he was on his feet. When Clare stood up he was stepping softly up behind Johnstone. As he moved she saw that he had an open clasp-knife in his right hand. Johnstone was still bending low, unconscious of his danger. The young girl was light on her feet and quick, and not cowardly. The man was before her, halfway between her and Brook. She sprang with all her might, threw her arms round the drunken man's neck from behind, and dragged him backward. He struck wildly behind him with the knife, and roared out curses.

"Quick!" cried Clare, in her high, clear voice. "He's got a knife! Quick!"

But Johnstone had heard their steps, and was already upon him from before, while the young girl's arms tightened round his neck from behind. The fellow struck about him wildly with his blade, staggering backwards as Clare dragged upon him.

"Let go, or you'll fall!" Brook shouted to her.

As he spoke, dodging the knife, he struck the man twice in the face—left and right—in an earnest, business-like way. Clare caught herself by the wheel of the cart as she sprang aside, almost falling under the man's weight. A moment later Brook was kneeling on his chest, having the knife in his hand, and holding it near the carter's throat.

"Lie still!" he said rather quietly, in English. "Give me the halter, please!" he said to Clare, without looking up. "It's hanging to the shaft there in a coil."

Kneeling on the man's chest—to tell the truth, he was badly stunned, though not unconscious—Brook took two half-hitches with the halter round one wrist, passed the line under his neck as he lay, and hauled on it, and finally took two turns round the throat. Clare watched the operation, very pale and breathing hard.

"He's drunk," observed Johnstone. "Otherwise I wouldn't tie him up, you know. Now, if you move," he said in English to his prisoner, "you'll strangle yourself."

Thereupon he rose, forced the fellow to roll over, and hitched the fall of the line round both wrists again, and made it fast, so that the man lay, with his head drawn back by his own hands, which he could not move without tightening the rope round his neck.

"He's frightened now," said Brook. "Let's get the poor mule out of that." In a few minutes he got the wretched beast free. It was ready enough to rise as soon as it felt that it could do so, and it struggled to its feet, badly hurt by the beating, and bleeding in many places, but not seriously injured. The carter watched them as he lay on the road half-strangled, and cursed them in a choking voice.

"And now, what in the world are we going to do with them?" asked Brook, rubbing the mule's nose. "It's a pretty bad case," he continued thoughtfully. "The mule can't draw the load, the carter can't be allowed to beat the mule, and we can't afford to let the carter have his head. What the dickens are we to do?"

He laughed a little. Then he suddenly looked hard at Clare, as though remembering something.

"It was awfully plucky of you to jump on him in that way," he said. "Just at the right moment, too, by Jove! That devil would have got at me if you hadn't stopped him. Awfully plucky, upon my word! And I'm tremendously obliged, Miss Bowring, indeed I am!"

"It's nothing to be grateful for, it seems to me," Clare answered. "I suppose there's nothing to be done but sit down and wait until somebody comes. It's a lonely road, of course, and we may wait a long time."

"I say," exclaimed Johnstone, "you've torn your frock rather badly! Look at it!"

She drew her skirt round with her hand. There were long clean rents in the skirt on her right side.

"It was his knife," she said, thoughtfully surveying the damage. "He kept trying to get at me with it. I'm sorry, for I haven't another serge skirt with me."

Then she felt herself blushing, and turned away.

"I'll just pin it up," she said, and she disappeared behind the cart rather precipitately.

"By Jove! You have pretty good nerves!" observed Johnstone, more to himself than to her. "Shut up!" he cried to the carter, who was swearing again. "Stop that noise, will you?"

He made a step angrily towards the man, for the sight of the slit frock had roused him again when he thought what the knife might have done. The fellow was silent instantly and lay quite still, for he knew that he would strangle himself if he moved.

"I'll have you in prison before night," continued Johnstone, speaking English to him. "Oh, yes! the *carabinieri* will come, and you will go to *galera*—do you understand that?"

He had picked up the words somewhere. The man began to moan and pray.

"Stop that noise!" cried Brook with slow emphasis.

He was not far wrong in saying that the carabineers would come. They patrol the roads day and night, in

pairs, as they patrol every highroad and every mountain path in Italy all the year round. And just then, far up the road down which Johnstone and Clare had come, two of them appeared in sight, recognisable a mile away by their snow-white cross-belts and gleaming accoutrements. There are twelve or fourteen thousand of them in the country, trained soldiers and picked men—by all odds the finest corps in the army. Until lately no man could serve in the carabineers who could not show documentary evidence that neither he nor his father nor his mother had ever been in prison, even for the smallest offence. They are feared and respected, and it is they who have so greatly reduced brigandage throughout the country.

Clare came back to Johnstone's side, having done what she could to pin the rents together.

"It's all right now," she cried. "Here come the carabineers. They will take the man and his cart to the next village. Let me talk to them—I can speak Italian, you know."

She was pale again, and very quiet. She had noticed that her hands trembled violently when she was pinning her frock, though they had been steady enough when they had gone round the man's throat.

When the patrol men came up she stepped forward and explained what had happened clearly and briefly. There was the bleeding mule, Johnstone standing before it and rubbing his dusty nose; there was the knife; there was the man. With a modest gesture she showed them where her frock had been cut to shreds. Johnstone made remarks in English reflecting upon the Italian character which she did not think fit to translate.

The carabineers were silent fellows with big moustaches, the one very dark, the other as fair as a Swede; they were clean, strong, sober men, with frank eyes, and they said very little. They asked the strangers' names, and Johnstone, at Clare's request, wrote her name on his card and the address in Amalfi. One of them knew the carter for a bad character.

"We will take care of him and his cart," said the dark man, who was the superior. "The signori may go in quiet."

They untied the rope that bound the man. He rose trembling, and stood on his feet, for he knew that he was in their power. But they showed no intention of putting him in handcuffs.

"Turn the cart round!" said the dark man.

They helped the carter to do it, and blocked it with stones.

"Put in the mule!" was the next order, and the carabineers held up the shafts while the man obeyed.

Then both saluted Johnstone and Clare, and shouldered their short carbines, which had stood against the parapet.

"Forward!" said the dark man quietly.

The carter took the mule by the head and started it gently enough. The creature understood, and was glad to go downhill; the wheels creaked, the cart moved, and the party went off, one of the carabineers marching on either side.

Clare drew a long breath as she stood looking after them for a moment.

"Let us go home," she said at last, and turned up the road.

For some minutes they walked on in silence.

"I think you probably saved my life at the risk of yours, Miss Bowring," said Johnstone, at last, looking up. "Thank you very much."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the young girl. And she tried to laugh. "But you were telling me that you were not combative—that you always avoided a fight, you know; and that you were so mild, and all that. For a very mild man, Mr. Johnstone, who hates fighting, you are a good 'man of your hands,' as they say in the 'Morte d'Arthur.'"

"Oh, I don't call that a fight," answered Johnstone contemptuously. "Why, my collar isn't even crumpled. As for my hands, if I could find a spring I would wash them after touching that fellow."

"That's the advantage of wearing gloves," observed Clare, looking at her own.

They were both very young, and though they knew that they had been in great danger they affected perfect indifference about it to each other, after the manner of true Britons. But each admired the other, and Brook was suddenly conscious that he had never known a woman whom, in some way, he thought so admirable as Clare Bowring, but both felt a singular constraint as they walked homeward.

"Do you know," Clare began, when they were near Amalfi, "I think we had better say nothing about it to my mother—that is, if you don't mind."

"By all means," answered Brook. "I'm sure I don't want to talk about it."

"No, and my mother is very nervous—you know—about my going off to walk without her. Oh, not about you—with anybody. You see, I'd been very ill before I came here."

(To be continued.)

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MAY 11, 1895.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FIRST NOTICE.

The general impression of the present exhibition is of effort rather than of strength; the result of forced colouring and exaggerated situations, and of a total disregard of the motto which appears on the titlepage of the catalogue. The forebodings that landscape art would be treated with scant courtesy have been only partially realised. At the same time it is impossible to go round the rooms without experiencing a feeling of keen disappointment. With the exception of the President, few of those on whom the Royal Academy Exhibition depends for its chief attractions appear to any advantage; the men who promised so much last season have produced little this year, while those who were seemingly striking out special lines of their own have too frequently been content to tread in the footsteps of others. At the same time, it must be admitted that the purely technical work of picture-making has been carried out with a thoroughness rarely surpassed, and we must be satisfied with the hope that our painters and sculptors, having made themselves skilful craftsmen, will in course of time develop into artists.

The portraits are numerous, but for the most part wholly uninteresting in subject and treatment. Mr. Herkomer has had the good fortune to secure both Mr. Cecil Rhodes (188) and Dr. L. S. Jameson (51), so that the public may judge of what stuff the founders of our South African empire are made. Both are dealt with in plain, straightforward style, altogether in harmony with what we know of the men themselves. Mr. Ouless has had a more difficult subject in H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge (200); but he has succeeded with his accustomed skill, which is even better displayed in the portrait of Mr. J. J. Aubertin (65), a well-known globe-trotter and writer of travels. Mr. Luke Fildes is still in favour with ladies who desire to present themselves in stately grace; and in his simpler rendering of Mr. Frank Bibby (568) there is a good deal of shrewdness and character depicted in masterly fashion. Mr. W. B. Richmond's Countess of Pembroke (34) is a carefully finished work, but the flesh tones are poor. Mr. Ellis Roberts scores a distinct success in his Gainsborough-like rendering of the Countess of Powis (162). There is little originality in the pose; but, on the other hand, there is no pretence of concealment, and as a frank transcript of the methods of the last century the picture has considerable beauty. Mr. Sargent's most striking portrait is that of Mr. Coventry Patmore (172), who, however, can be seen to greater advantage, and with less waistcoat, in the study for the same picture (737) which is hung in the room reserved for "cabinet" pictures. Mr. Peacock's quiet, distinguished portrait of Mrs. F. Lacy Robinson (241); Mr. Solomon Solomon's playful rendering of Miss Lucy Ingram (127); Mr. Arthur Hacker's Hon. Mrs. Newdigate (497); and Mr. Frank Bramley's Mrs. Bolitho (505), among the ladies; and Mr. Watts's portrait of Professor Max Müller (343), Mr. Stanhope Forbes's of Mr. G. J. Johnson (535), and that of Mr. William Robinson (350) by M. Carolus Duran, are the most distinctive among the men, although Mr. Arthur Hacker and Mr. Cope must be credited with good specimens of their respective styles. Mr. George S. Watson (805) and Mr. Herbert P. Jackson (233) send works of great promise.

Among the figure subjects the first place belongs by right as well as merit to the President, and in the rendering of graceful attitudes, harmonious draperies, and ivory flesh tones he remains unrivalled. His principal work, "Flaming June" (195), is an exquisite study in saffron and olive green, the figure of the sleeping girl curled up on the marble bench being subsidiary. With so accomplished a draughtsman as Sir Frederick Leighton it would be presumptuous to disagree, nevertheless it seems to the ordinary eye that the damsel's figure from waist to heel would, if she rose to her full height, be unexpectedly imposing. In another picture, "Twixt Hope and Fear" (159), there is more dramatic energy in the woman's face than the President usually permits himself in these classical studies, but here the painting of the arm clutching the balustrade is of marvellous beauty and truthfulness. "Lachrymæ" (182), a simple figure of a woman clothed in black, leaning against a marble column, may, perhaps, raise the question whether the Greeks or the Romans showed their grief in habiliments of that sombre hue, but the controversy cannot detract from the charm of the picture. Mr. Watts is represented by a gaunt figure with outstretched arms and extended fingers, to which he gives the name of "Jonah" (147), but it can scarcely be regarded as conveying a dignified idea of the inspired denouncer of Nineveh. His other work, "The Outcast: Goodwill" (258) is one of those socialist allegories which will puzzle not a few. Presumably the chubby boy left under a bank is typical of either the former or the future relations between capital and labour, and we remain in doubt whether he will be left in his present naked desolate state by those engaged in the factories of which the tall chimneys are to be seen smoking in the distance. Mr. Alma-Tadema labours under no such disadvantage of doubtful meaning. His "Spring" (262), one of the most brilliant and intricate pictures he has ever painted, is worked out with most minute care, and reaches the high water-mark of that neo-classicism of which Mr. Alma-Tadema is the greatest and most poetical exponent in this country.



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MISS LUCY INGRAM.—SOLomon J. SOLOMON.



A SUNNY MORNING: SURREY.—B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.



SLEEP.—F. BRAMLEY, A.R.A.



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE FOREST.—C. E. JOHNSON.



LABAN'S PASTURE: JACOB SERVING FOR RACHEL.—F. GOODALL, R.A.
And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.—*Genesis xxix. 20.*



PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.



A STUDY.—J. SANT, R.A.



SPINNERS AND WEAVERS.—F. GOODALL, R.A.



DEFENDANT AND COUNSEL.—W. F. YEAMES, R.A.



SALMON-FISHING ON THE DEE, KIRKCUDBRIGHT: THE SHOULDER-NET.
C. HUNTER, A.R.A.



ECHO AND NARCISSUS.—SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.



LADY HALLÉ (MADAME NORMAN NÉRUDA).—HON. J. COLLIER.



MRS. GRESHAM AND DAUGHTER.—W. P. FRITH, R.A.



MRS. ARTHUR JAMES.—LUKE FILDES, R.A.



MRS. JOHNSON-FERGUSON.—LUKE FILDES, R.A.



THE ISLES OF THE SIRENS.—J. BRETT, A.R.A.



THE OUTLOOK FROM MY NATIVE CLIFFS.—J. BRETT, A.R.A.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.—WORDSWORTH.



THE MORNING CATCH.—F. S. RICHARDSON.



THE OPENING OF THE TOWER BRIDGE.—W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

Obedient to the Prince's touch, the ponderous bascules, like the arms of a giant awaking, reared themselves into the air, and the craft, adorned with flags innumerable, crowded through in a long triumphal procession, whilst the roaring of hoarse-throated sirens, the clang of bells, and boom of cannon, proclaimed the great Tower Bridge open.



ENGLAND'S CANALS: KENNET AND AVON.—D. MURRAY, A.R.A.,

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Glide the heavy barges traileid
By slow horses.



ARIADNE.—P. H. CALDERON, R.A.



THE IONIAN DANCE.—E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos,
Matura virgo, et fingitur artibus.



IN SUMMER-TIME.—D. MURRAY, A.R.A.



RACHEL, AS FIRST SEEN BY JACOB.—F. GOODALL, R.A.



RUTH.—F. GOODALL, R.A.

Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not.—*Ruth* ii. 13.



NOVEMBER SUNSHINE.—G. D. LESLIE, R.A.



THE MORNING'S INSPECTION.—T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



A FAIR DISPUTANT.—J. SANT, R.A.



FIREFLY.—MRS. STANHOPE FORBES.



MIDLAND MEADOWS.—A. EAST.



THROUGH THE WOOD: EVELYN, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL BASHFORD.
LOUISA STARR-CANZIANI.



JONAH.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.



AUTUMN HAZE.—A. EAST.



THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.—J. B. BURGESS, R.A.



APRIL: FORENOON IN THE CONDETTE DUNES.—H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.



A SUSSEX HOMESTEAD.—E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.



TANNING THE HERRING-NETS.—C. HUNTER, A.R.A.



SUNRISE AFTER SHARP FROST: SUFFOLK.—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



REPOSE.—T. S. COOPER, R.A.



APOLLO AND DAPHNE.—HENRIETTA RAE (MRS. E. NORMAND).



GLADYS, DAUGHTER OF WALTER PALMER, ESQ.—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



WAITING FOR THE DUC DE GUISE.—SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.

The defeat of the Spaniards disposed Guise to conciliation, and to delay, at least for a time, the transfer to himself of the crown which the League intended to accomplish. The King anticipated his ambition, and on the 23rd of December, at the Château de Blois, the daggers of assassins revenged the day of the barricades.—FROUDE.



A SUMMER AFTERNOON.—T. S. COOPER, R.A.



THE MOURNERS: SAILORS' HOME, BRISTOL.—E. CROWE, A.R.A.



THE WATER-MILL.—C. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.



PROBABLY SOME RAIN.—J. BRETT, A.R.A.



"THE SEAR, THE YELLOW LEAF."—J. BRETT, A.R.A.



THISTLEDOWN.—D. MURRAY, A.R.A.



"THE SEA WILL EBB AND FLOW."—P. GRAHAM, R.A.



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF GENOA.—E. HAYES.



THE GOLDEN VALE.—J. C. ADAMS.

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BRAY, ON THE THAMES.—T. S. COOPER, R.A.



CROSSING THE BAR.—E. HAYES.



ARTHUR HACKER, ESQ. A.R.A.—SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.—W. W. OULESS, R.A.



A STORM ON ALBION'S COAST.—P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

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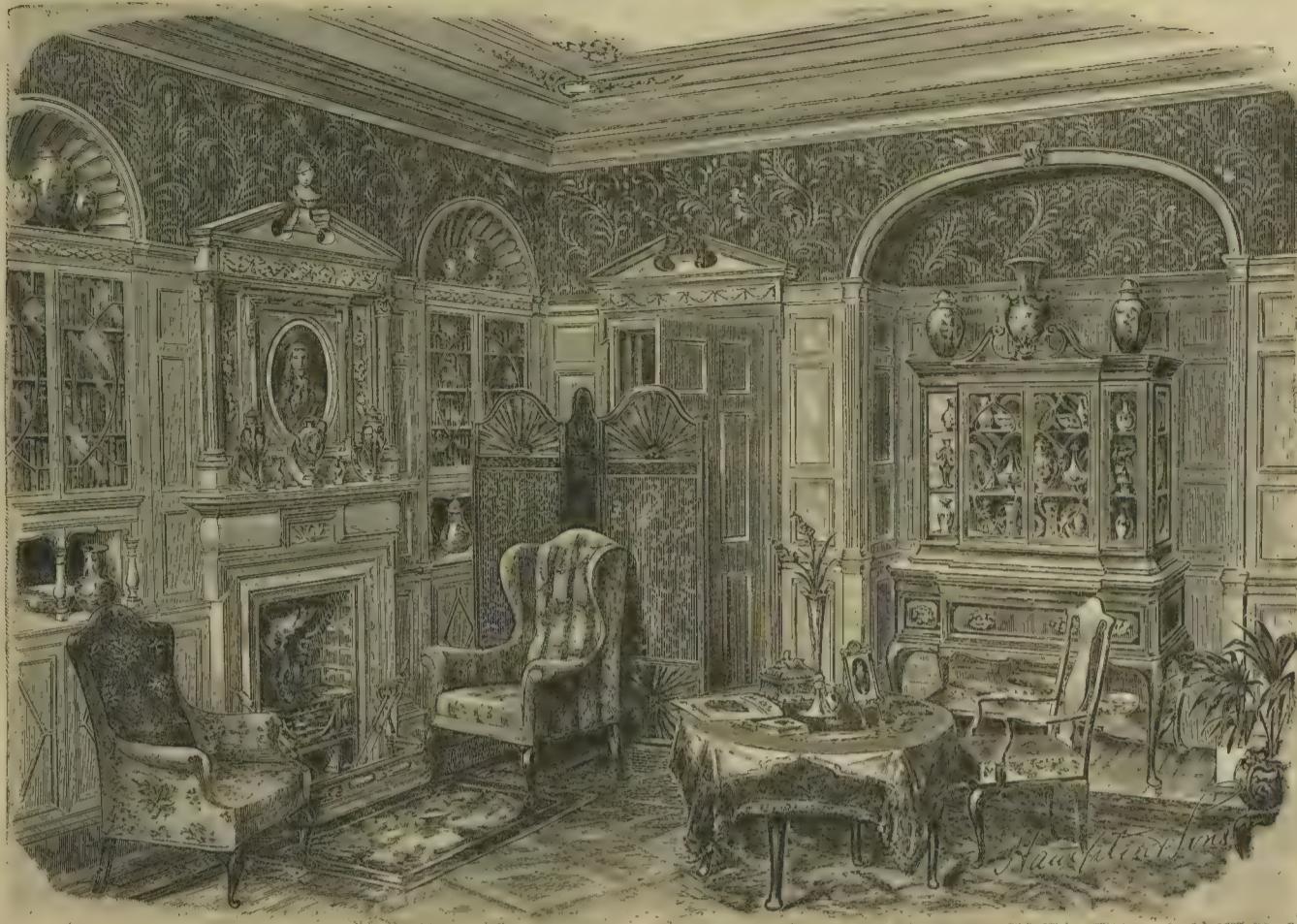
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News, September 1, 1894.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The main subject of conversation in Church circles is the protest made by Father Black against the recent marriage of a divorced person. It is specially notable, as it signifies a further split among High Churchmen. Canon Gore has recently declared in Westminster Abbey that Christ sanctioned the marriage of innocent divorced persons, and Father Black says that "the only thing we have really to fear is a flank movement of the enemy in the shape of the new school led by Canon Gore and Co., and backed by the Bishops, contending for an alteration of the Canon Law, and a 'modified' morality." By his adoption of the Higher Criticism, Canon Gore alarmed many who on this question were accustomed to follow the lead of Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon. Father Black says that he has not the slightest interest in a new Church of England constructed by these people, or by a Pan-Anglican Synod, and threatens to go into lay communion. Dr. Belcher says that the marriage encouraged adultery and discouraged virtue in married persons, and asks whether the Establishment is to be maintained for this.

Mr. Athelstan Riley, writing as "one who has been recently elected to the Mastership of the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom," says that the Pope's letter is no small gain to the cause of unity. "Leo XIII. has acted as becomes the first Bishop of Christendom. He has publicly spurned the methods of the world, deliberately invited the mockery of the world, and confidently placed his whole trust in the efficacy of prayer. To this there can be but one response, and it comes from the bottom of our hearts."

Dr. Jessopp has been appointed an honorary Canon of Norwich Cathedral. This is well enough in its way, but is certainly a poor and barren honour for a man of such distinction. Dr. Jessopp is one of the very few clergymen who are universally known to and respected by the world of letters.

The venerable Archdeacon Denison continues his campaign against the Higher Criticism. He was not able to hold his visitation at Taunton last week, but his charge was read for him by the Rural Dean of Taunton, and took a gloomy view of the general state and prospect of religion, dwelling especially on the prevailing spirit of indifferentism and compromise.

The Master of Pembroke, preaching before the University of Cambridge, made a pathetic protest against the new views of the Bible. He said he was an old man, and conscious of failing power, but that he would die in the faith in which he had lived, and was persuaded that he had chosen the better part.

Mr. Westcott, of Sherborne, is mentioned as a candidate for the vacant Head Mastership of Cheltenham College. Another name really talked of is that of Mr. Lyttleton, of Haileybury, who now has the compliment paid him of being mentioned for every important vacancy, but it is very doubtful whether he would leave Haileybury at present.

V.

CHESS.

J H C.—Thanks for your most courteous letter. The reply to which you refer, however, was in type before your letter of April 20 reached us. In Problem No. 2665, 1. R to B 3rd is the defence to your suggested line of play.

PUZZLED.—Position No. 4 has three solutions, by 1. R to Q Kt 3rd; 1. R to Q R 3rd; 1. R to K R 5th. Position No. 2 is solved by 1. Q to K R 4th, P takes Kt; 2. Q to K B 4th, etc.

G S CARR.—We beg to apologise; we quite mistook the diagram. The position certainly appears interesting, and we will give it further attention, although it is more suitable for the pages of a magazine than for this column.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2651 received from E. C. Uthoff (Mungindi, Queensland); of No. 2658 from Professor R. S Athavale (Indore); of No. 2659 from Professor R. S Athavale and Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2660 from A. Bowden (California), Upendranath Maitra, and Professor R. S Athavale; of No. 2662 from J. W. Shaw (Montreal); T. B. Miller (Wilkes Barre, Pa.) and Fred C. Warste (Toronto); of No. 2663 from W. Lillie (Marple); of No. 2664 from W. E. Thompson, John M'Robert (Crossgur), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Odham Club, F. B. Tew, Miss Marie S. Priestley (Bangor, County Down), W. Lillie (Marple), Ing Virgilio de Mattei (Torino), J. Baily (Newark), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. F. Moon, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), F. Paige (Yeovil), A. S. Thomson, and the Rev Francis W. Jackson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2665 received from J. D. Tucker (Leeds), R. H. Brooks, W. R. Railem, Shadforth, F. Waller (Luton), L. Desanges, W. P. Hind, Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly) Sorrento, C. E. Perugini, H. S. Brundrett, E. Louden, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Hereward, G. Douglas Angas, and Oliver Icninga.

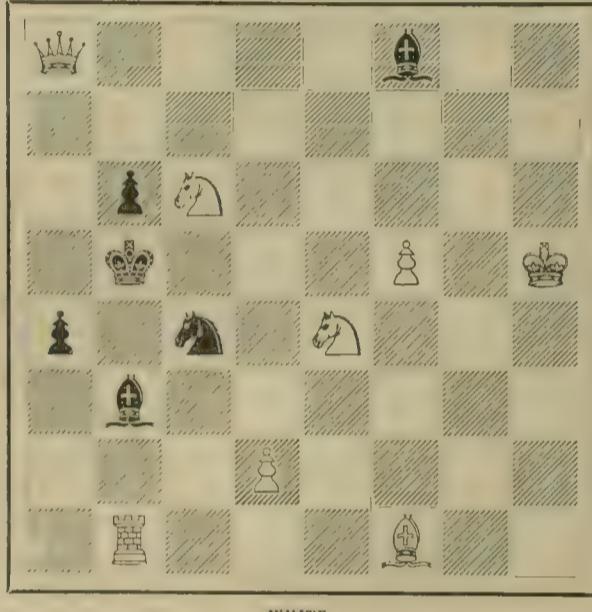
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2664.—By J. S. WESLEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to R 5th Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2667.

By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 23, 1894) of Mr. Sydney Laurence, of Clapham Park, who died on March 1, was proved on April 24 by Percy Edward Laurence, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £334,811. The testator gives Marine Villa, Shanklin, with the furniture and effects, and £10,000, to his sons Arthur Jones and Percy Edward, and his daughter Minnie upon trust for the purposes of a Convalescent Home at Shanklin, as the same has been carried on by him for some time with his own money, with power to the trustees at their discretion to terminate the trust; £3000 to the trustees of an indenture relating to the Gordon Trust and in augmentation thereof; £25,000 each upon trust for his daughters Minnie Laurence and Edith Laurence; £15,000 to his daughter Annie Marguerite Wilson; £10,000 to his daughter Ellen Gertrude Durrant, and a further sum of £5000 upon trust for her; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law Julia, the wife of his son Joseph Alfred, for life, then for his said son for life, and then for their son Claud; his residence Clapham Park, with the fitted furniture, electrical machinery, stables, horses and carriages, to his son Arthur Jones; a house at Shanklin, with the furniture, to his daughter Minnie if she desires to have it, and if not, to be sold and divided among his daughters; and legacies to his executors, relatives, and servants. He appoints the trust funds under his marriage settlement as to one tenth each to his children Minnie, Arthur Jones, Percy Edward, Reginald, Edith, Ellen Gertrude, Howard, Frederic Spencer, and Annie Marguerite; and one tenth, upon trust, for his son Joseph Alfred, for life, and then for his son Claud. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his five sons, Arthur Jones, Percy Edward, Reginald, Howard, and Frederic Spencer.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1895) of the Right. Hon. Elizabeth, Baroness Teynham, of Tower House, Shooter's Hill, Kent, who died on March 12, was proved on April 27 by Henry John Philip Sidney, Baron Teynham, and Edward Aubrey Hastings Jay, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £92,048. The testatrix gives £5000 to her cousin, the Rev. James Edgar Sheppard, M.A., Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal; £6000 to her friend, Miss Joyce Chapman; £40,000 to Lord Teynham; and the residue of her property whatsoever to her nephew, Edward Aubrey Hastings Jay, for his own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1894) of Mr. Alfred Robinson, Fellow and Senior Bursar of New College, Oxford, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on April 25 by William Fothergill Robinson, Q.C., Vice-Chancellor of the county palatinate of Lancaster, the brother, Miss Mary Eleanor Robinson, the sister, and John Baron Moyle, D.C.L., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £58,615. The testator bequeaths £10,000 and all his furniture, plate, effects, articles of household use and ornament, wines and stores to his said sister; £5000 to his said brother; £500 each to the children of his late brother Arthur; £500 to his nephew, Herbert; £500 each to the daughters of his late brother John Park; £50 each to John

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Grainger and Edwin James, thanking them for their assistance in the New College Bursary; £150 to his personal clerk, Edward M. Bellamy; £200 to his executor Dr. Moyle, and £50 each to his three sisters-in-law. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his sister, Mary Eleanor, for life, and then to be equally divided between his nephews and nieces, the six children of his brother William, the five children of his late brother John Park, and the nine children of his late brother Arthur.

The will (dated March 23, 1875), with two codicils (dated Feb. 17, 1879, and Oct. 31, 1884), of Mr. Thomas Coutts Trotter, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, of 54, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on April 25 by Miss Harriet Laura Trotter, the daughter, and John Henry James, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £33,668. The testator bequeaths £400 to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Charlotte Trotter; 192 shares of Rs500 each paid up in the Bank of Bengal, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his daughters, Jean Louisa and Elizabeth Sophia; seventy-two of the like shares to his son Alexander Edmund Coutts; ninety-six of the like shares, £300, the money receivable under two policies on his life, and his racing cups, etc., to his daughter

Harriet Laura; £200 to his executor, Mr. James; and there are some specific bequests to children and others. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his daughter Harriet Laura.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1875) of Mr. William Smith, of Oaklands, Perrin's Farm, Smarden, and of Richborough Hall, near Minster, Kent, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on April 2 by Mrs. Louisa Jane Smith, the widow and surviving executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,758. The testator bequeaths £100 to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, or until she shall marry again; then as to £500 for his sister Matilda Smith, and as to the ultimate residue to his children as his wife while she remains unmarried shall appoint, or in default of such appointment to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1891) of Miss Emma Finch Raikes, of 30, Craven Hill Gardens, who died on March 5, was proved on April 6 by Miss Laura Georgina Raikes, the sister, and Frank Walter Raikes, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,166. The testatrix bequeaths all her furniture and effects to her said sister, and leaves the residue of her property, upon trust, for her for life. At her sister's

death she gives £1000 to her niece Ellen Dashwood; £300 each to her nephew George Barkley Raikes and her niece Margaret Kennedy; one third of the ultimate residue to be divided between Ellen Raikes, Frank Walter Raikes, Mabel Raikes, Ernest Barkley Raikes, Arthur Maynard Raikes, and George Barkley Raikes; one third to her brother Walter; and one third to the children of her brother Henry Campbell Raikes.

The will (dated April 27, 1863) of Miss Elizabeth Aldersey Olding, of The Lodge, Lower Clapton, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on April 9 by Miss Harriet Baker Olding, the sister and surviving executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,356. After payment of her debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, the testatrix gives the rest of her property whatsoever and wheresoever to her said sister for her absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated May 8, 1894) of Lieutenant-General James George Fife, retired R.E., J.P., of Goring-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on April 19 by Robert Bainbridge Fife and Hugh Wharton Fife, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £22,681. The testator leaves all his portraits of the Fife family to his son James Gordon; all his portraits of the Bainbridge family to his son

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It is a real consolation to sufferers from Gout to know that there is a medicine that is practically aspecific, and acknowledged as such by the very highest medical authorities, a remedy by which, with ordinary care, attacks can be successfully warded off.

BISHOP'S Citrate of Lithia

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Fares—Single, First, 24s. 7d.; Second, 23s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d.
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For Full Particulars see Time Books and Hand-bills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices: 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By Order) — A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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As a WINTER RESORT Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

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There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

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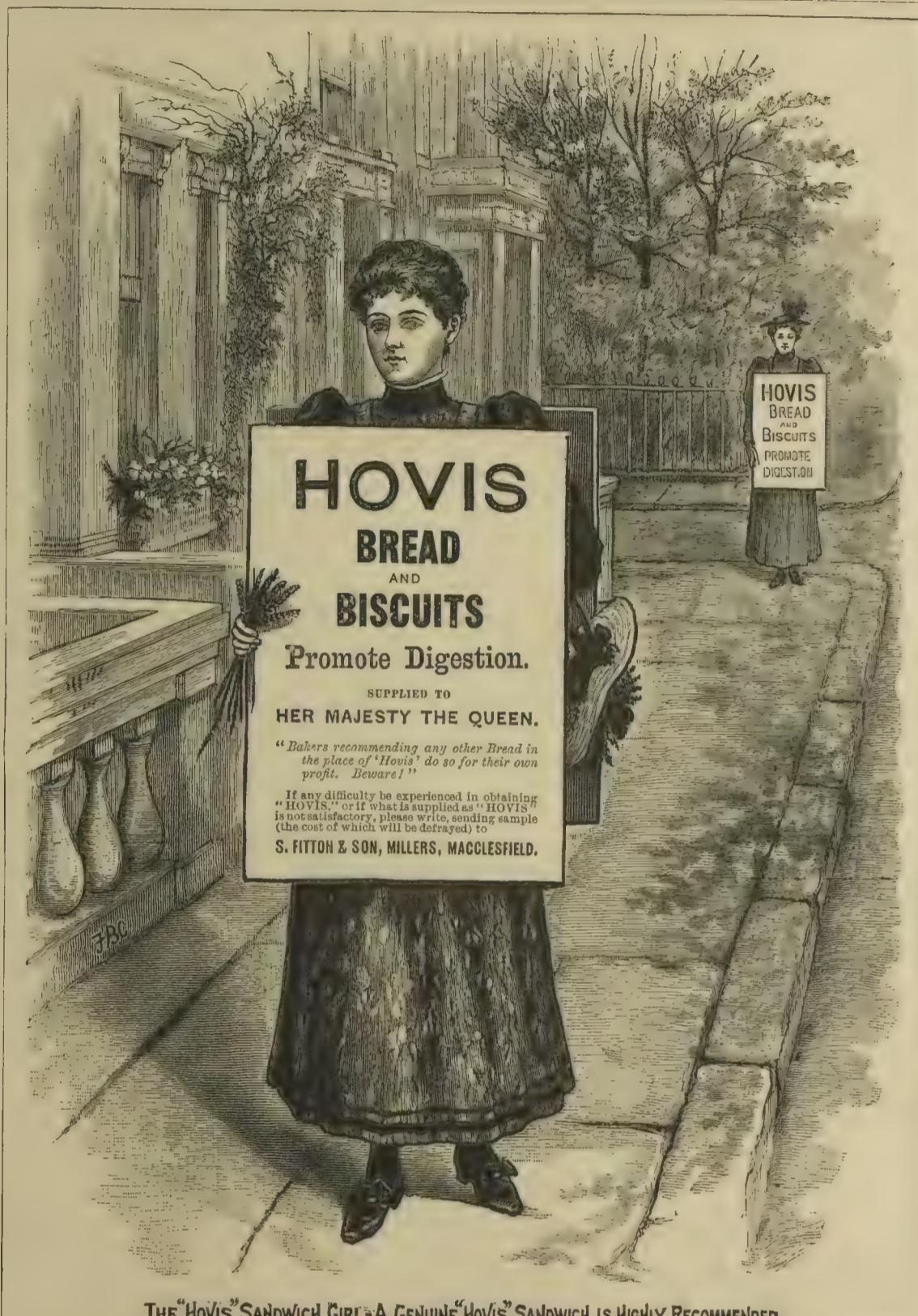
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THE MOST DIGESTIVE BREAD.

STRENGTHENS THE NERVES. NO IRRITABILITY.

From Dr. Johnson, Stoke-on-Trent.

"I consider that Hovis Bread is the most wholesome, easiest of digestion, and the most palatable that I have used. My children prefer it to all other kinds, let them be sweet, fancy, or plain."

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"Hovis Bread is very much superior to the ordinary Brown Bread, as it causes no irritability to the stomach, and it is, of course, infinitely richer, both in its bone and muscle-making substances, than the White Bread in general use."

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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN. Flsh-Napkins, 2/11 per doz.

Table-Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each; Kitchen Table-

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Supplied at the Leading Clubs, Hotels, & Restaurants. Sole Consignees, HERTZ & COLLINGWOOD, 4, SUSSEX PLACE, LONDON, E.C.
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DR. MORTIMER GRANVILLE

in his Book on

“GOUT,”

recently published, says:

“The LAURENT-PERRIER ‘SANS-SUCRE’ is the best Champagne found for the gouty. I have put it to a very thorough test, and I find no residuum of sugar, while it certainly has no added alcohol.”

“I am anxious that, in reference to Gout, it should be understood that it is the natural and pure LAURENT-PERRIER ‘SANS-SUCRE’ I recommend to throw out the uric acid, and as a suitable beverage for the gouty, both in the intervals between attacks and when the paroxysm occurs.”

CHAMPAGNE.

Robert Bainbridge; £200 per annum during the life of his wife to his son James Gordon; £150 per annum during the life of his wife each to his sons Robert Bainbridge and Hugh Wharton; and the residue of his real and personal estate upon trust for his wife during widowhood. On her death or marriage again the residue is to be divided into twenty-one parts, three of which he gives each to his three sons, and two each to his six daughters.

The will (dated June 6, 1888) of the Hon. Mrs. Henrietta Elizabeth Toler, of 21, Cornwall Gardens, who died on March 11, was proved on April 17 by Lieutenant-Colonel James Otway Toler, the son, Miss Rosamond Henrietta Toler, the daughter, and the Hon. Mrs. Frances Mary Smith, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,015. The testatrix, under the will of her aunt Frances Diana Smith, appoints a moiety of the sum of £30,000 equally to her three children George John Scarlett Toler, Rosamond Henrietta Toler, and Violet Madeleine Toler. She gives £200 to her son James Otway; £50 to her servant Emma Rimmer; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her said two daughters.

The late Professor Goodhart, of Edinburgh, whose premature death is much deplored, was the most intimate friend of the brilliant J. K. Stephen.

Mr. Hastings Rashdall contributes to the *Oxford Magazine* a very favourable review of Mr. Illingworth's Bampton Lectures, and commends it "to the notice of those bishops and principals of theological colleges who are prepared to recognise that the development of human thought did not come to an end in the time of Bishop Butler."

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The receipts at Monte Carlo have been falling off for the last three or four years, and last week the news came that, if things continued in that unsatisfactory state, the Compagnie du Cercle des Etrangers would feel compelled to close the establishment during the summer months. It would appear that the greater part of the profits made during the winter and early spring is swallowed up by the losses incurred during the summer, owing to the competition of such fashionable resorts as Dieppe, Trouville, Ostende, Scheveningen, and Aix-les-Bains; also that, though the number of visitors to the tables has increased, the quality of those visitors, from the bank's point of view, leaves something—nay, much, to be desired.

Now, I for one should be sorry to see that magnificent establishment on the erstwhile Spelugues Hill closed even for a single day, for I am afraid that temporary closure during part of each year would finally lead to permanent closure. And, inasmuch as every moral-minded and virtuous Englishman possessed of moderate or abundant means looks forward to his annual pilgrimage to the Riviera, just as the pious Moslem looks forward to a pilgrimage to Mecca or Medina, I should not like to see him deprived of his gratification, the more that I profess to belong to the category of moral-minded and virtuous Englishmen.

I am aware that this latter and personal asseveration is open to challenge by other moral-minded and virtuous Englishmen who deny that the love of gambling is compatible with morality and virtue. But I do not go to

Monte Carlo to gamble any more than they do: "We all go to Monte Carlo to look on. We leave gambling to Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, and other nations, who are vicious to the core. Of course we try our luck now and then with a score of sovereigns—for we are but human, after all—but that is not gambling; it is only a flutter, and when we take home a couple of hundred pounds as the result of that flutter, we give the money to the poor, including the original stakes."

The sentence quoted is the spirit, if not the substance, of Englishmen's remarks in general when discussing the gaming-rooms at Monte Carlo. That is the tone adopted by most English newspapers. The English are the only nation who have the impertinence to thrust tracts upon the visitors. I am not going to criticise these productions: impertinence allied to wit or humour may lay claim to a certain measure of criticism; impertinence when manifested by idiocy and platitude is beneath contempt. I only give a sample of it without comment: "The Gaming Tables of Monte Carlo. Do not go to Monte Carlo, or if you are there, leave at once. It is a beautiful place, truly; but so was the plain of Sodom, which was even as the garden of the Lord." I wonder, if anyone were stupid enough to follow the advice of that tract, whether the society that issued it would reimburse the cost of his return ticket—£13 10s. at the lowest; or, rather, I do not wonder at all.

If I am rightly informed Jabez Balfour subscribed for a large amount to one of those tract societies; at any rate, he once gave a friend of mine, a well-known carriage-builder who lived at that time in Croydon, one of those tracts. My friend pretended to be converted, but as he had already bought his ticket, he could not be the loser of

CARR'S PATENT WOVEN LADDER TAPES FOR VENETIAN BLINDS. THE ORIGINAL AND MOST RELIABLE TAPE, WOVEN THROUGHOUT. SEE THAT THE NAME CARR'S IS STAMPED ON THE INTERWOVEN CROSS-STRAPS ONCE IN EVERY YARD. FROM ALL IRONMONGERS AND FURNISHING DRAPERS.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of
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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.
PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.
RENDS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.
Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.
IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

NEW SPRING SILKS FOR YOUNG LADIES' WEAR AND FOR BLOUSES.

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In all Art Shades, 2s. 11½d. per yard.

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2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d. per yard.

PATTERNS FREE.

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SIMPLY delicious.
ONE of the choicest ever produced.
IT is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes.
—The Argonaut.
IT has the aroma of Spring in it.
—New York Observer.
2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 6s. per Bot.

DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME.
THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.
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THERE is no more agreeable cure for headache.
—Le Follet.

THE Lavender Salts, whose perfume is so exquisite and subtle.
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STRONG and powerful, but most agreeable.
—Lady's Pictorial.
2/- and 4/- per Bottle.

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GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners Street, W.

TERRY'S.—Sole Proprietor, Edward Terry. Lessee and Manager, HENRY DANA. THE PASSPORT, by B. C. Stephenson and W. Yardley. Every Evening at 9. At 8.15 A WOMAN'S NO. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3. Box Office open 10 to 5. Seats at all Libraries.

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THE ORIGINAL RECIPE
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Signed

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WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING AND SCRUBBING FLOORS AND KITCHEN TABLES.

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

his money; Jabez, after much demur and saying that the sacrifice would be no sacrifice unless my friend bore the burden, gave him a cheque, which my friend promptly cashed, and forthwith proceeded to Messrs. Cook in Piccadilly for another ticket. This was in '88 or '89. Jabez gave the ticket to the editor of a quasi-religious paper, subsidised by the said tract society and other institutions for the suppression of well-mannered, well-bred, and well-dressed recreation.

The editor landed at the Hôtel de Paris, and half-an-hour after his arrival was gambling with all his might. My friend saw him and recognised him at once, having met him in Jabez's company. The editor carried everything before him, and in the course of a few days had made a pretty round sum. But he had come to distribute tracts, and tracts he did distribute. He drove one idiot who took him *au sérieux* to suicide, for it was not the editor's fault that the staple from which the idiot suspended himself gave way at the critical moment.

One evening, just after dinner, the rumour spread through the Hôtel de Paris that someone had hanged

himself at an adjacent hotel. As a matter of course, a great many rushed away, not to look at the corpse, but to secure a bit of the rope for a consideration; a charm of that kind being deemed of the utmost value by the superstitious gambler. There was, however, no deal, for the manager met the crowd at the door, telling them that when the porter on duty in that particular corridor burst open the door, attracted by an unusual noise, he found the would-be suicide sitting on the floor, the rope still round his neck, and the staple or nail attached to the rope.

The explanation given by the would-be suicide himself was this: He had won a goodish sum in the afternoon, when the editor accosted him and insisted that Providence especially marks out the successful gambler for perdition. He, the idiot, could not withstand the temptation of trying to fathom Providence's intention with regard to himself. But just as he had kicked away the chair, he came to the conclusion that the test would not be a fair one, that if he were not damned eternally for successful gambling, he would be damned for having taken his own life, and in his frantic struggle to recover the chair, the staple had come out of the partition. An amateur coroner returned a

verdict of "Wilful resurrection while in a state of unsound mind."

The editor himself came finally to grief. As I have said already, he had won a goodish sum when, the evening before his departure, he fell in with a fair-haired goddess hailing from the Quartier de l'Europe. She robbed him of the whole of his winnings. He was afraid of taking proceedings, and as he had his return ticket, he had no need to apply to the Administration of the Casino to frank him home. I have no doubt he has had his "say" during the last few days, for he is still in the land of those who systematically rail at Monte Carlo.

A very clever idea, admirably carried out, is Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe's *London of To-day's Calendar of Fixtures and Events* (1, Creed Lane, E.C.). It gives each month, for sixpence, a dainty booklet containing hundreds of announcements for every day in the month, so that immediately one can find the daily fixtures in musical, sporting, theatrical, religious, and scientific centres. Its accuracy, is wonderful; it is a pleasure to handle, and valuable to possess.

FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY. Instituted A.D. 1655.

The 21st FESTIVAL will be celebrated with a FULL CHORAL SERVICE in St. Paul's Cathedral on WEDNESDAY, May 15, commencing at half-past three. The Choir of 300 voices will be accompanied by the Organ and a full Orchestra.

The Service will commence with Sir Arthur Sullivan's overture, "In Memoriam." The Anthem will be Dr. George J. Bennett's "Prima manu Sabatini" (Christ Triumphant), composed for the occasion. The Old Hundredth Psalm will be sung before the Sermon, which will be preached by the Rev. Canon AINGER, Master of the Temple. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the Archbishops and Bishops, Stewards, &c., will attend the Service, at which T.R.H. the DUKE and DUCHESS OF YORK and the DUKE and DUCHESS of TECK propose to be present.

The ANNUAL DINNER (invitations for which are issued by the Registrar at the Office) will take place on the same day, at six o'clock for 6.30 p.m., in Merchant Taylors' Hall.

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR Presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, Archbishops, Bishops, Stewards, &c., STEWARDS.

H.R.H. the DUKE OF YORK, K.G., T.A.

The Right Hon. Lord Herschell, Rev. G. Cosby White, M.A. (8th time). Rev. J. Beck Wickes, M.A. (19th time).

The Lord Archbishop of York (3rd time).

The Right Hon. Earl of Dartmouth.

The Bishop of Winchester (4th time).

The Bishop of St. David's (2nd time).

The Bishop of Llandaff (4th time).

The Bishop of Oxford (2nd time).

The Bishop of Lincoln (2nd time).

Lord Hillington (2nd time).

The Right Hon. Sir Joseph Renals, Lord Mayor (2nd time).

Ald. Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart. (8th time).

Rev. Sir E. Graham Moon, Bart. (4th time).

Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart. (L.D.), M.P., Ald. (14th time).

W.E. M. Tomlinson, Esq., M.P. (4th time).

Rev. Thos. E. Carr Glyn, M.A. (2nd time).

Sir Mark W. Collet, Bart.

Sir J. Russell Reynolds, Bart. M.D., F.R.S., President Royal College of Physicians.

Lieut.-Col. H. D. Davies, Ald. (6th time).

Ald. M. Samuel, J. Sheriffs of George Hand, Esq., London.

Very Rev. Richard W. Randall, D.D., Dean of Chichester.

Ven. William Sinclair, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's and Archdeacon of London (2nd time).

Rev. John Robbins, D.D. (2nd time).

Rev. Robert J. Wilson, D.D., Warden of Keble College, Oxford.

Rev. John H. Ellis, M.A.

Rev. C. Lloyd Engstrom, M.A.

Rev. Alfred Gurney, M.A.

Rev. Wm. T. Houldsworth, M.A. (2nd time).

Rev. James Baden-Powell, M.A., Master of the Mercers' Company.

Rev. Henry G. Rolt, M.A. (10th time).

Rev. Leonard E. Shelford, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's.

Treasurers.

Stewards for the first time present a donation of 30s. or upwards, and those who have held the office before a donation of not less than 20s. Stewards become Governors of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

The Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy distributed in 1894—

1. In grants to clergymen (including Clergy Distress Fund) £8,080 10

2. In pensions and grants to their widows and aged single daughters 15,301 0

3. In grants towards education, outlays, and apprentice fees for clergy children 5,033 15

£28,415 5

The number of persons assisted in 1894 was 1944, a larger number than in any previous year.

The Governors desire to have a larger body of annual subscribers, and may liberal contributions, both from individuals and from church collections, in order that they may deal effectually with the increasing claims upon their funds.

Tickets are issued to all Governors, and to all who subscribe to the funds of the charity. New subscribers may have them on payment of their subscription.

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Cottages 7, 9, and 11 guineas.

Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 32 guineas.

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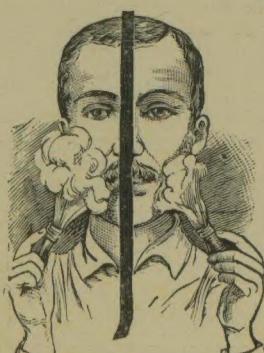
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OBITUARY.

Lord Moncrieff, who was, after many years in Parliament, Lord Justice Clerk for nineteen years, on April 27, aged eighty-three. He was not only a fine lawyer, but was also possessed of keen literary discrimination.

Mr. William Major Cooke, senior magistrate at Marylebone Police-Court, on April 27, in his seventieth year.

Professor Thiersch, a famous German surgeon, on April 28, aged seventy-three.

Mr. Henry Richard Farquharson, Conservative M.P. for West Dorset since 1885, on his way home after visiting Colombo, on April 17, aged thirty-seven.

The Hon. Sir William Milne, who did much for the advancement of South Australia, recently, aged seventy-three.

Dr. Charles Abel Heurtley, Margaret Professor of

Divinity and Sub-Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, a venerable and much-esteemed theologian of the old school, on April 30, aged eighty-eight.

Major-General John North Crealock, C.B., who had a distinguished military career in India, on April 24, aged fifty-eight.

The Rev. Canon Whitley, who was Senior Wrangler sixty-five years ago, on April 23, aged eighty-six.

Captain Wundt, who had been for twenty-two years connected with the *Queen* newspaper, recently, aged sixty-seven.

The Rev. Francis Vansittart Thornton, honorary Canon of Truro, on April 27, aged seventy-eight.

The Right Rev. Nicholas Pajani, Roman Catholic Bishop of Mangalore, recently.

Rear-Admiral Henry Salmon, who as a naval cadet

served in the Baltic Expedition, on April 28, aged fifty-seven.

Admiral W. F. Ruxton, on April 24, aged sixty-four.

The Rev. John Henry Pooley, honorary Canon of Lincoln, who was Vicar of Scotter for sixty-two years, on April 29, aged ninety-one.

Mr. William Saunders, M.P., to whose death allusion is made on another page, on May 1, aged seventy-two.

Sir George Buchanan, M.D., F.R.S., for many years medical officer of health to the Local Government Board, and a valuable servant of the State, on May 5, aged sixty-three.

Mrs. Leslie Stephen, the charming and accomplished wife of the famous writer, on May 5.

M. Karl Vogt, one of the most renowned German biologists, on May 6, aged seventy-eight.

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NO. X.—VINOLIA SOAP.

LAST year we repeatedly drew attention to the flourishing business carried on by _____ in mercurial face-washes, which were, according to their dispenser, primarily intended to obliterate the ravages time makes in the faces of the fair sex. We do not hesitate to assert, however, that in most cases the much-maligned Father Time is irresponsible for the depredations, and that when this is so they are due to the cupidity and dishonesty of the soap-boiler. In short, the swindling soap-seller is the faithful friend of the fraudulent complexion faker. No words can be strong enough for the thorough condemnation and exposure of his pretences.

Bad soaps lead to sorry complexions, which, in their turn, trend to unhappiness, terminating oftentimes—alas for the weakness of human nature!—in waning affections; now and again in the Divorce Court. We only urge our contention, however, as a first cause; for what contributes more largely to a woman's misery than a muggy complexion? and is there anything that conduces so much to “wither and decay” love? Sometimes the young life is doomed to this curse from the cradle, and most frequently it is resultant on the use of irritating soaps.

Soap is primarily a grease emulsifier. Its function is to attack, by means of its alkali, greasy matter which glues the dirt to the skin, emulsify and loosen it, and thus enable the water to wash off the particles of dirt. In addition to this, the fatty acid comes in contact with the newly cleansed skin, softens and smooths it, and neutralises any free alkali, which would otherwise prove a severe irritant. Some soaps, in fact, are so drastic in their action that there is, as we have already inferred, the greatest danger in using them for toilet purposes.

We see, then, that the presence of fat and alkali are essential for washing purposes. It may be broadly stated that toilet soap is formed by the action of sodic hydrate upon fats or oils which contain fatty acids. To express it popularly, soap is made from soda, oil, and water. Excess of any of these constituents is bad: too much soda will make the skin rough; too much oil will reduce the cleansing power; too much water will affect the commercial value of the article. Impurity of the fatty matter is likewise a serious evil. It may have originated in kitchen refuse, or even worse. In ordinary domestic soaps this would not signify, but for toilet purposes it would be far from desirable. The chief evil, however, with which we have to contend is excessive alkali, and, although this quality may be found pleasant by some who believe that the pricking sensation occasionally caused thereby is stimulating the skin to action, it can do no more than result in painful irritation if the use of soap calculated to induce it be persisted in.

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